

An Arrant Thiefe,

VVhom everie Man may trust:

In word & deed, exceeding true and just.

With a Comparifon betweene a Thiefe and a Booke.

Written by IOHN TAYLOR



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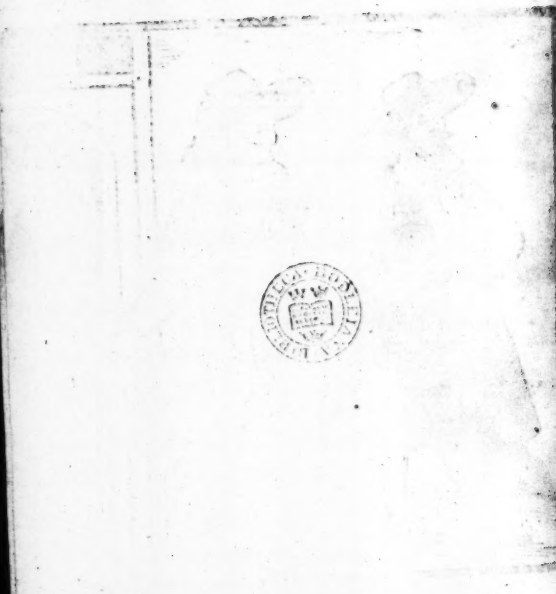
ANALYTICAL

TABLE

OF

THE

ART



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Scot



THis Water Rat, (or Art) I would commend,
But that I know not to begin or end :

He read his Verses to me, & which more is,
Did move my Muse to write *Laudem Authoris*.
If for his land Discoveries * she should praise him,
Whither would then his liquid knowledge raise
Read his two Treatises of *Thiefe & Whore*, (him?
You'le thinke it time for him to leave his Oare.
Yet thus much of his worth I cannot smother,
Tis well for us when *Thiennes* peach one another.
This Preface is but poore, 'tis by a Boy done,
That is a Scholler of the Schoole of Croydon,
Who when he hath more yeares and learning got,
Hee'le praise him more, or lesse, or not a jot.

*The Anagram of Rat is Art. * I touch not his travells to
Scotland, Germany, or Bohemia, or the Paper Boat.*

*Given upon Shrove Tuesday,
from our Seat, in the second
Forme of the famous Free-
School: of Croydon.*

By RICHARD HATTON.



VVhen a Fresh Waterman doth turne
Salt Poet,
His Muse must prattle all the world must know it:
Of *Whores* and *Thieves* (hee writes two merry
Bookes)

He loves them both, I know it by his lookes.
Alas I wrong him: blame my Muse not me,
She never spake before, and rude may be.

*Given from the low estate of
the first Forme neere to the
Schoole doore at Croydon
beforesaid,*

By GEORGE HATTON.

T



TO THE HOPEFULL
PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

and my worthy Patrons, Master

RICHARD, and GEORGE

HATTON. Love, Learning,

and true happinesse.

Your *Muses*, th'one a *Youth*, and one an *Infant*,
Gave me two *Panegyricks* at one *Instant*.

The first *Pen*, the first *line* it pleas'd to walke in,

Did make my * *Art* a *Rat*: and like *Grimalkin*,

Or a kind needfull *Vermin-coursing Cat*,

By *Art* I play, but will not eat your *Rat*.

I thanke you, that you did so soone determine,

To *Anagram* my *Art* into a *Vermine*,

For which I vow, if e're you keepe a *Dayrie*,

Of (now and then) a *Gheese* I will impaire yee.

Kind Master *George*, your *Muse* must be exalted,

My *Poetrie* you very well have salted.

* This Gentleman was pleased Anagrammatically to call
me *Water-Rat*, for *Water-Art*, which I doe Anagram-
matiz, *Water-Rat*, to bee *A t-riv Art*.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Salt keeps things sweet, & make them relish savory,
And you have powdered well my honest kna. &c.
I thanke you to, nor will I be ingratefull,
Whilst Rime or Reason deignes to fill my patefull,
You truly say that I love Whores and Theeves well,
And half your speech I think the world beleeves well;
For should I hate a Theefe, Theeves are so common,
I well could neither love my selfe nor no man.
But for whores love, my purse would never hold out,
They'l cheat and pick the silver and the gold out.
You both have grac'd my Thiefe, he hath confessed,
You (like two Shrieves) convey'd him to be pressed.
In mirth you write to mee, on small requesting,
For which I thanke you both in harmelesse jesting,
And may your studies to such goodnesse raise you,
That God may ever love, and good men praise you.*

Yours, when you will, where you will,
in what you will, as you will, with
your will, against your will, at this
time, at any time, at all times, or
sometimes, in pastimes,

JOHN TAYLOR.

To



To any Reader Hee or Shee,
It makes no matter what they be.



When you open this first Lease, Imagine you are come within the dore of my house, where according as you behaue your selues, you are courtesously welcome, or you may lay downe the Booke, and goe the same way you came: The flattering of Readers, or begging their acceptance, is an argument that the ware is scarce good which the Authour meanes to utter, or that it is a cheape yeare of Wit, and his lyes upon his hands, which makes him pitifully, like a Suppliant to begin, Honourably complaineth to your Humblencesse. ('tis but mistaken, the first should bee last.) Some men have demaunded of mee, why I doe write upon such sleight Subjects, as The praise of Hempleed, The Travailes of Twelve-pence, Taylors Goose, The Antiquitie of Begging, A Cormorant, A Common Whore, and now An Arrant Thiefe?

To the Reader.

Wise, that many Grave and excellent Writers have
imployed their studies to good purposes in as trivi-
all matters as my selfe; and I am assured that
the meaner the subject is, the better the Invention
must be, for (as Tom Nash said) every Foole can
fetch Water out of the Sea, or peck corne out of full
Sheaves, but to wring Oyle out of Flint, or make
a plentiful Harvest with little or no Seed, that's
the Workman, but that's not I. And Gentlemen, as I
lately sent you a Whore that was honest, so I have
now sent you a Thiefe that will never rob you,
nor picke your pockets of more then you are willing
to part withall.

Yours at all good times,

JOHN TAYLOR.

A



A THIEFE.

I Lately to the world did send a *Whore*, (poore:
And shee was welcome, though shee was but
And being so, it did most strange appeare
That povertie found any welcome here;
But when I saw that many rich men sought
My *Whore*, & with their coin her freedom bought,
I mus'd, but as the cause I out did ferit,
I found some rich in purse, some poore in merit,
Some learned Schollers, some that scarce can spell:
Yet all did love an honest *Whore*, right well.
Twas onely such as those that entertain'd her,
Whilst scornful *Knaves*, and witles *Fooles* disdaind
Now to defend her harmlesse Innocence, (her.
I send this *Thiefe* to be her just defence
Against all true men, and He undertake
There are not many that dare answer make.
Then rowze my *Muse*, be valiant, and be brieft,
Be confident my true and constant *Thiefe*:
Thy Trade is scatt' red universall
Throughout the spaciouse worlds Roundirye,

A Booke I writ called A *Whore*.

For

A Thiefe.

For all estates and functions great and small,
Are for the most part *Thieves* in generall.
Excepting Millers, Weavers, Taylors, and
Such true trades as no stealing understand.
Thou art a *Thiefe* (my Booke) and being so
Thou findest thy fellowes wherefoere thou goe,
Birds of a Feather still will hold together,
And all the world with thee are of a feather:
The ods is, thou'rt a *Thiefe* by nomination,
And most of men are *Thieves* in their vocation.
Thou neither dost cog, cheat, steale, sweare or lie,
Or gather'st goods by false dishonesty.
And thou shalt live when many of the Crew
Shall in a halter bid the world adieu.
And now a thought into my mind doth fall
To prove whence *Thieves* have their original:
I find that *Jupiter* did want only
On *Maya* get a Son cald *Mercury*,
To whom the people oft did Sacrifice,
Accounting him the God of Merchandize,
Of Eloquence, and rare invention sharpe,
And that he first of all devis'd the Harpe;
The god of Tumblers, Iuglers, Fooles and Iesters;
Of *Thieves* and Fiddlers that the earth bepesters:
Iaire *Venus* was his Sister, and I find
He was to her so much unkindly kind,
That he on her begate *Hermaphrodite*
As *Ovid* very wittily doth write:

His

A Thiefe.

His wings on head and heele true Emblems be,
How quick he can invent, how quickly flee :
By him are *Thieves* inspir'd, and from his gift
They plot to steale and run away most swift :
In their conceit and sleights no men are sharper,
Each one as nimble fingerd as a Harper.
Thus Thieving is not altogether base,
But is descended from a lofty race.
Moreover, every man himselfe doth show
To be the Son of *Adams*, for we know
He stole the Fruit, and ever since, his seed
To steale from one another have agreed.
Our Infancie is Theft, tis manifest
We cry and rob our Parents of their rest :
Our child hood robs us of our Infancie,
And youth doth steale our child-hood wantonly :
Then Man-hood pilfers all our youth away,
And middle-age, our Man-hood doth convey
Unto the Thieving hands of feeble age,
Thus are we all *Thieves*, all our Pilgrimage.
In all which progresse, many times by stealth
Strange sicknesses doe rob us of our health.
Rage steales our Reason, *Envy* thinks it fit
To steale our Love, whilst *Folly* steales our Wit.
Pride filcheth from us our Humility,
And *Lerchery* doth steale our Honesty :
Base *Avarice* our Conscience doth purloin, (joine.
Whilst *Sloath* to steale our minds from work doth
Time

A Thiefe.

Time steales upon us, whilst we take small care,
And make us old before we be aware :
Sleepe and his brother *Death* conspire our fall,
The one steales halfe our lives, the other all.
Thus are we rob'd by *Morpheus*, and by *Mors*,
Till in the end each Corps is like a Coarse.
Note but the seasons of the yeare and see
How they like *Thieves* to one another be (shows)
From *Winters* frozen face, through snow and
The *Spring* doth steale roots, plants, buds & flowers,
Then *Summer* robs the *Spring* of natures sure,
And *Harvest* robs the *Summer* of his fruit.
Then *Winter* comes againe, and he bereaves
The *Harvest* of the *Graine*, and *Trees* of *Leaves*,
And thus these seasons rob each other still,
Round in their course, like Horses in a mill.
The Elements, Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire
To rob each other daily do conspire :
The fiery Sun from th' Ocean, and each River
Exhales their Waters, which they all deliver :
This water, into clouds the Ayre doth steale,
Where it doth unto Snow or Haile congeale,
Vntill at last earth robs the Ayre againe
Of his stolen Treasure, Hail, sleet, snow or raine.
Thus be it hot, or cold, or dry, or wet,
These *Thieves*, from one another steale, and get.
Night robs us of the day, and day of night :
Light pilfers darknesse, and the darknesse light.

Thus

A Thiefe.

Thus life, death, seasons, and the Elements,
And day and night, for *Thieves* are presidents.
Two *Arrant Thieves* we ever beare about us,
The one within, the other is without us,
All that we get by toyle, or industry
Our *Backs* and *Bellies* steale continually.
For though men labour with much care and carke,
Lie with the *Lamb* down, rise up with the *Larke*,
Sweare and forswear, deceive, and lie, and cog,
And have a Conscience worse than any Dog,
Be most ungracious, extreme vile and bale,
And (so he gaine) not caring for disgrace:
Let such a Man or Woman count their gaines,
They have but meat, and rayment for their paines.
No more have they that live the honestest
Those that can say their Consciences are best,
Their *Bellies* and their *Backs*, day, night and houre,
The fruits of all their labours doe devour:
These *Thieves* do rob us, with our own good will,
And have dame Natures warrant for it still,
Sometimes these *sharks* do work each others wrack
The Ravening belly often robs the back:
Wee'l feed like *Dives*, with Quail, Raile, & Phe-
And be attir'd all tatter'd like a Pefant. (sant,
Sometimes the gawdy *Backe*, Mans *Belly* pines,
For which he often with Duke *Humphrey* dines:
The whilst the mind defends this hungry stealth,
And sayes a temp'rate dyet maintaines health.

Let

A Thiefe.

Let *Corland* cry, let guts with famine mourne,
The maw's unseene, good out-sides must be worn,
Thus do these *Thieves* rob us. and in this pother
The mind consents, and then they rob each other:
Our *Knowledge* and our *Learning* (oft by chance)
Doth steale and rob us of our Ignorance:
Yet Ignorance may sometime gaine promotion
(Where it is held the Mother of devotion)
But knowledge joyn'd with learning are poore
That many times a man to begg'ry brings: (things
And fortune very oft doth justly fit
Some to have all the wealth, some all the wit:
Tobacco robs some men, if so it list
It steales their Coyne (as *Thieves* do) in a *Mist*.
Some men to rob the Pot, will ne're reframe
Vntill the Pot rob them of all againe:
A prodigall can steale exceeding Brieft,
Picks his owne purse, and is his own deere *Thiefe*.
And thus within us, and without us we
Are *Thieves*, and by *Thieves* alwayes pillag'd be.
First then unto the greatest *Thieves* of all,
Whose *Thievery* is most high and Capitall:
You that for pompe, and Titles transitory
Rob your Almighty maker of his Glory,
And give the Honor due to him alone
Vnto a Carved blocke, a stocke or stone,
An Image, a similitude, or feature
Of *Angel*, *Saint*, or *Man*, or any creature,

A Thiefe.

To Altars, Lamps, or Holy Bread, or Waters,
To Shrines or Tapers, or such juggling matters,
To Reliques of the dead, or of the living,
This is the most supremest kind of *Thieving*.
Besides they all commit this Fellony
That breake the Sabbath day maliciouslie,
God gives us six dayes, and himselfe hath one,
Wherein he would (with thanks) be call'd upon :
And those that steale that day to bad abuses,
Robs God of Honor without all excuses :
Unto these *Thieves*, my *Thiefe* doth plainly tell
That though they hang not heere, they shal in hell
Except repentance (and unworthy Guerdon
Through our Redeemers merits) gain their pardon.
Then there's a crew of *Thieves* that pry and lurch,
And steale and share the livings of the Church ;
These are Hells factors, Merchants of all evill,
Rob God of soules, and give them to the Devill.
For where the Tythe of many a Parish may
Allow, a good sufficient preacher pay,
Yet hellish pride, or lust, or avarice,
Or one or other foule licentious Vice,
Robs learning, robs the people of their teaching,
(Who in seven yeers perhaps doth heare no prea-
When as the Parsonage by account is found (ching)
Yearely worth two, 3 or 4 hundred pound.

* In the 93. page of a Booke called the Spirit of Detraction,
the Author cites 12 parishes in one Hundred in Wales in this
predicament.

Yet

A Thiefe.

Yet are those soules serv'd, or else starv'd I feare
With a poore Reader for eight pounds a yeare,
A Preacher breakes to us the heavenly Bread
Whereby our straying soules are taught and fed
And for this heav'nly worke of his 'tis sente,
That men allow him earthly recompence.
For shall he give us food that's Spirituall,
And not have meanes to feed him Corporall?
For sure; (of ail men) 'tis most manifest,
A painfull Church man earns his wages best.
Those that keep back the Tythes, I tell them true,
Are arrant *Thieves* in robbing God of's due:
For they that rob God's Church (t'increase their
'Tis most apparent, they rob God himself. (passe)
The *Patron* oft deales with his Minister
As *Dionysius* did with^a *Jupiter*,
He stole his golden Cloake, and put on him
A Coat of Corton (nothing neerer so trim)
And to excuse his theft, he said the gold
Was (to be worne in Winter time) too cold,
But in the Summer, t'was too hot and heavie,
And so some Patrons are the Tribe of *Levi*:
That for the Winters cold, or Summers heat,
They are so pold, they scarce have clothes & meat
Amongst the rest, there may some Pastors be,
Who enter in through curied *Simony*.

^a Jupiters Idol, in Ser-cusa, in Sicilia.

A Thiefe.

But of all *Thieves* in any Kings Dominion;
A Flatterer is a Cutpurse of opinion,
That like a Pick-pocket, doth lie and wait,
To steale himselfe into a mans conceit.
This *Thiefe* will often dawbe a great mans Vice,
Or rate his virtue at too low a price,
Or at too high a pitch his worth will raise,
To fill his eares with flatt'ry any wayes.
Surveyors, and Purveyors, now and then
May steale, and yet be counted honest men.
When men doe for their living labour true,
Hee's a base *Thiefe* that payes him not their due.
They are all *Thieves* that live upon the fruits
Of Monopolies if ungodly Suites,
The Iudge or Iustice that do Bribes desire,
Like *Thieves*, deserve a halter for their hire.
A Reverend Father, worthy of believing,
Said taking Bribes was Gentleman-like *Thieving*,
A Merchant now and then his goods may bring,
And steale the Custome, and so rob the King.
Thieves they are all, that scrape & gather treasures,
By Wares deceitfull, or false weights or measures,
The Landlord is a *Thiefe* that racks his Rents,
And mounts the price of rotten Tenements.
Almost unto a damned double rate,
And such a *Thiefe* * as that, my selfe had late.

* One that eight yeares since bought many houses, where
and many poore men dwelt, and presently raised our Rents from
3. l. to 5. l. but I changed him quickly for a better.

A paire

A Thiefe.

A paire of Lovers are starke *Thieves*, for they
Doe kindly steale each others hearts away.
Extortioners, *Thieves* may truly call,
Who take more Int'rest, then the principall.
Executors, and *Over-seers Thieving*,
Have often wrong'd the dead, and robd the living.
All those within the ranke of *Thieves* must be,
That trust their wares out from months to three,
And make the Debtors thrice the worth to pay,
Because they trust them; these are *Thieves* I say,
That doe sell Time, which unto God belongs,
And begger whom they trust most, with these
He is a *Thiefe*, and basely doth purloyn, (wrongs.
Who borroweth of his neighbors goods, or coine,
And can, but will no satisfaction give,
These are the most notorious *Thieves* that live,
Upon such *Thieves* (if Law the same allow'd)
A hanging were exceeding well bestow'd.
A Farmer is a *Thiefe*, that hoards up Graine
In hope of Dearth, by either drought or raine,
He steales Gods treasures, and doth quite forget,
That over them hee's but a Steward set:
And for this rob'ry he deserves to wear
A riding knot an inch below his eare.
Of drinking *Thieves* exceeding flore there are,
That steale themselves drunke ere they be aware:
These are right rob-pots, rob-wits, and rob-purses,
To gaine diseases, begg'ry, and Gods curses.

A Thiefe.

Drawers and Tapsters too, are *Thieves* I thinke,
That nick their pots, and cheat men of their drink;
And when guests have their liquor in their brain,
Steale pots halfe full, to fill them up againe.
Though this be *Thiev'ry*, yet I must confesse,
Tis honest *theft* to punish Drunkennesse,
And of small *Thieves*, the Tapster I prefer;
He is a Drunkards Executioner,
For whilst his money lasts he much affects him,
Then with the rod of poverty corrects him.
A Chamberlaine unto his guests may creepe
And pick their pockets, when th'are drunk asleepe
But amongst *Thieves* that are of low repute,
An Hostler is a *Thiefe* most absolute;
He with a Candles end Horse teeth can grease,
They shall eat neither Hay, Oates, Beanes or Pease,
Besides a hole i'th Manger, and a bag
Hang'd underneath may coozen many a Nag,
And specially, if in a stable darke,
If one doe not the Hostlers Knave's mark.
He will deceive a man before his face,
On the Peck's bottom, some few oates bee'l place,
Which seemes as if it to the brim were full,
And thus the Knave both man and horse will gull,
If he breake horse bread, he can thus much doe,
Amongst five loaves his Codpiece swallows two:
The Hostler sayes, the horse hath one good trick,
Quick at his meat, he needs must travell quick.

A Thiefe.

If men, at full Rack for their Horfmeat pay,
So hard into the Racke hee'le tread the Hay,
That out the poore Beasts cannot get a bit,
And th' Hostler held an honest man for it,
For who would think the horses want their right
When as the Rack is still full, day and night.
With bottles, if men will have horses fed,
To each a Greats worth ere they goe to bed,
The *Thievish* Hostler can rob horse and men,
And steale the bottles from the rack agen,
And puts in Hay that's pist upon, I wor,
Which being dry'd, no horse will eate a jot.
And all such Hostlers wheresoe're they be,
Deserve a horses night cap for their Fee.
One stole a wife, and married her in post,
A hanging had beene better stolne almost:
By her he night and day was long perplex'd,
Comured, scolded at, defam'd and vex'd,
That (in comparison of all his paine)
A friendly hanging had beene mighty gaine.
There's an old speech, a Taylor is a *Thiefe*,
And an old speech he hath for his reliefe,
He not equivocate, He give him's due
He (truly) *steales not, or he steales not true,
Those that report so, mighty wrong do do him,
For how can he steal that, that's brought unto him?

* He cannot steale truly, or truly he cannot steale.

A Thiefe.

And it may be they were false idle speeches,
That one brought Cotton once to line his breech.
And that the Taylor layd the Cotton by, (ches,
And with old painted Cloath the roome supply,
Which as the owner for his use did weare,
A nayle, or scag, by chance his breech did teare:
At which he saw the Linings, and was wroth;
For *Dives* and *Lazarus* on the painted Cloth,
The Gluttons dogs, and Hels fire hotly burning,
With Fiends & fleshhooks, whence ther's no retur.
He rip'd the other breech, & there he spide (ning,
The pamper'd *Prodigall* on Cock-horse ride:
There was his fare, his Fidlers, and his Whores,
His being poore, and beaten out of Doores,
His keeping Hogs, his eating Huskes for meat,
His Lamentation, and his home retreat,
His welcome to his Father, and the Feast,
The fat Calfe kill'd, all these things were exprest,
These Transformations filld the man with feare,
That he Hell fire within his breech* should beare,
He mus'd what strange enchantments he had bin in,
That turn'd his Linings into painted Linnen,
His feare was great, but at the last to rid it,
A Wizard told him, 'twas the Taylor did it.

* This fellowes Breeches were not lined with Apochriphe.
& heard of one that had the picture of the Devil in the backe li-
nings of his Doublet, witnesse at the Swan in Saint Martins.

A Thiefe.

One told me of a * Miller that had power
Sometimes to steale 5 Bushels out of foure :
As once a wind-mill (out of breath) lack't wind,
A fellow brought foure Bushels there to grinde,
And hearing neither noyse of knap or tiller,
Laid down his corne, and went to seek the Miller:
Some two flight-shot to th'Ale house he did wag,
And left his Sacke in keeping with his Nag,
The Miller came a by-way up the hill,
And saw the Sacke of Corne stand at the Mill,
Perceiuing none that could his *Thiefe* gaine-say,
For toil tooke Bag, and Grist, and all away.
And a crosse way unto the Ale-house hy'd him.
Wheras the mā that fought him quickly spide him
Kind Miller (quoth the man) I left but now
A Sacke of Wheat, and I intreat that thou
Wilt walke up to the Mill where it doth lye,
And grinde it for me now the wind blowes hye.
So up the hill they went, and quickly found
The bag & corn, stoln from the ground ungrownd
The poore man with his losse was full of grieve,
He and the Miller went to seeke the *Thiefe*,
Or else the Corne, at last all tir'd and sad,
(Seeking both what he had not, and he had)

* This Miller kept a Wind-mill not many yeares since at
Purfleet in Essex.

A Thiefe.

The Miller (to appease or ease his paine)
Sold him one bushell * of his owne againe.
Thus but of foure the man five bushels lost.
Accounting truly all his corne and cost,
To mend all of this Thieving Millers brood,
One halfe houres hanging would be very good.
But there's a kind of stealing mylticall,
Pickpocket wits, filch lines Sophistical,
Villanes in Verse, base Runagates in Rime,
False Rob-wits and contemned slaves of time,
Purloyning Thieves that pilfer from Defart
The due of Study, and reward of Arr.
Pot Poets, that have skill to steale Translations,
And (into *English*) filch strange tongues & nations,
And change the Language of good Wits unknown
These Thievish Rascals print them for their owne.
Mistake me not good Reader any wayes,
Translators do deserve respect and praise,
For were it not for them, we could not have
A Bible that declares our soules to save,
And many thousand worthy works would lye
Not understood, or in obscurity,
If they by learned mens intelligence,
Were not Translated with great diligence;
I honour such, and he that doth not so,
May his soule sinke to everlasting woe.

* Some say he sold him foure Bushels againe, and then sold
one Bushell for twell.

A Thiefe.

I speak of such as steale regard and Fame,
Who doe translate, and hide the Authors name,
Or such as are so barren of Invention,
That cannot write a line worth note or mention:
Yet upon those that can will belch their spite,
And with malicious tongues their names backbite.
To this effect I oft have wrote before,
And am enforced now this one time more
To take my Pen againe into my fist
And answer a depraving Emblemist,
I spare to name him, but I tell him plaine,
If e're he dare abuse me so againe,
He whip him with a yerking Satyres Lash,
Fang'd like th'invective Muse of famous *Nash*,
That he shall wish he had not beene, or beene
Hang'd, e're he mov'd my just incensed spleene.
He hath reported most maliciously
In sundry places amongst company,
That I doe neither write, nor yet invent
The things that (in my name) doe passe in print.
But that some Scholler spends his time and braine
And let me have the Glory and the Gaine.
Is any Poet in that low degree,
To make his Muse worke journey-worke to me?
Or are my lines with Eloquence imbellish'd,
As any Learning in them may be relish'd?
Those that thinke so, they either judge in haste,
Or else their judgements spallat's out of taste.

My

A Thiefe.

My pen in *Helicon* I ne're did dip,
And all my Schollership in Schuillership,
I am an English-man, and have the scope
To write in mine owne Countries speech (I hope)
For *Homer* was a *Grecian*, and I note
That all his works in the *Greek* tongue he wrote:
Virgill and *Ovid*, neither did contemne
To use that speech, their Mothers taught to them.
Da Bargas, *Petr. arcke*, *Tasso*, all their Muses
Did use the Language that their Countrey uses,
And though; I know but English, I suppose
I have as many tongues as some of those.
Their Studies were much better, yet I say
I use my Countries speech and so did they.
Because my name is *Taylor*, some doe doubt,
My best Invention comes by stealing out
From other Writers workes, but I reply,
And give their doubtfull diffidence the lye.
To close this point I must be very brieft,
And call them *Knaves* that call me Poet *Thiefe*.
But yet a Poets theft I must not smother,
For they doe often steale from one another:
They call it borrowing, but I thinke it true,
To tearme it Stealing were a stile more due.
There is a speech that Poets still are poore,
But ne're till now I knew the cause wherefore:
Which is, when their Inventions are at best,
Then they are daily rob'd, 'tis manifest,

For

A Thiefe.

For noble *Thieues*, and poore *Thieves* all conjoyne,
From painfull Writers studies to purloine.
And steale their flashes, and their sparks of wit,
Still uttering them at all occasions fit,
As if they were their owne, and these men are
For their stolne stuffe esteemed wise and rare,
They call it borrowing, but I tell them plaine,
'Tis stealing, for they never pay againe.
The use of money's ten ith hundred still,
And men in Bonds bound, as the owner will,
But wit and Poetry (more worth than treasure)
Is from the owners borrowed at mens pleasure,
And to the Poets lot it still doth fall,
To lose bth Interest and Principall.
This is the cause that Poets are poore men,
Th'are rob'd, and lend, and ne're are payd agen.
'Tis said that *Jacob* (counsel'd by his Mother)
Did steale his Fathers Blessing from his Brother,
This was a Theft which few will imitate,
There Fathers Blessings are of no such rate, (ving
For though some sons might have th^{is} for the cra-
Yet they esteeme them scarcely worth the having,
Their Fathers money they would gladly steale,
But for their Blessings they regard no deale.
And by their waters, you may guesse and gather,
That they were sicke and grieved of the Father.
But on such *Thieves* as those, I plainly say,
A handsome hanging were not cast away.

Some

A Thiefe.

Some *Thieves* may through an admirable skill,
An honest Common-wealth both pill and pill;
These fellows steale secure as they were Millers,
And are substantiall men, their Countries Pillers;
Purloyning pollers, or the Barbarians rather,
That *shave* a Kingdome, cursed wealth to gather:
These Pillers, or these Caterpillers swarmes
Grow rich, and purchase goods by others harmes,
And live like Fiends, extremely fear'd, and hated,
And are, and shall be ever execrated.
A King of Britaine once * *Catellus* nam'd,
Vpon Record his Charity is fam'd:
His justice, and his memory was so ample,
He hang'd up all oppressors for example.
If that Law once againe were in request,
Then, of all trades a Hangman were the best,
These are the brood of *Barabas*, and these
Can rob, and be let loose againe at ease;
Whilst *Christ* (in his poore members) every day,
Doth suffer (through their Theft) and pine away.
And sure all men, of whatsoe're degree,
Of Science, Art, or Trade, or Myserie,
Or Occupation, whatsoe're they are,
For truth cannot with Watermen compare.
I know there's some objections may be made,
How they are rude, uncivill in their trade,

* He was the fourth King after Brute, and he reigned before *Christ's* birth 171 years.

But

A Thiefe.

But that is not the question I propound,
I say no *Theft* can in the trade be found:

Our greatest sots by no meanes can reveale
Which way we can deceive, or cheat, or steale:

We take men in, and Land them at their pleasure,
And never bate them halfe an inch of measure,

Still at one price our selves we waste and weare,
Though all things else be mounted double deare,

And in a word, I must conclude and say,
A * Waterman can be a *Thiefe* no way.

Except one way, which I had halfe forgot,
He now and then perhaps may rob the Pot,

Steale himselfe drunk, and be his own Purspicker,
And Ghimically turnes his Coyne to liquor,

This is almost an Vniverfall *Theft*,
A portion Fathers to their Sons have left,

Men are begot, and doe like their begetters,
And Watermen doe learne it of their betters.

Ther's nothing that doth make them poor & bare,
But cause they are, such true men as they are:

For if they would but steale like other men,
The Gallowes would devour them now and then,

Whereby their number quickly would be lesse,
Which (to their wants) would be a good redresse,

Their poverty doth from the truth proceed,
Their way to thrive were to be *Thieves* indeed,

* The Anagram of Waterman is, A TEEVY MAN.

A Thiefe.

If they would steale and hang as others doe
Those that survive it were a helpe unto.
Truth is their trade, & truth doth keep them poor,
But if their truth were lesse, their wealeh were
Al sorts of men work al the means they can (more,
To make a *Thiefe* of every Water-man
And as it were in one consent they joyne
To trot by land i' th' dirt, and save their Coyne.
Carroches, Coaches, Iades and Flanders Mares,
Doe rob us of our shares, our wares, our Fares,
Against the ground we stand & knocke our heels,
Whilst all our profit runs away on wheelles,
And whosoever but observes and notes
The great increase of Coaches, and of Boates,
Shall find their number more than ere they were,
By halfe and more within this thirty yeere.
Then Watermen at Sea had service still,
And those that stayd at home had worke at will,
Then upstart Helcare Coaches were to seeke,
A man could scarce see twenty in a weeke,
But now I thinke a man may daily see
More than the Wherries on the *Thames* can be.
When Queene *Elizabeth* came to the Crowne,
A Coach in *England* then was scarcely knowne,
Then t' was as rare to see one, as to spy
A Tradesman that had never told a lye.
But now, like plagues of *Egypt* they doe swarme
As thicke as Frogs, or Lice, unto our harme.

A Theife.

For though the King, the Counſel and ſuch State
As are of high Superiour ranks, and rates,
For port or pleaſure, may their Coaches have,
Yet 'tis not fit that every *Whore* or *Knave*,
And fulſome Madams, and new ſcurvie Squires,
Should jolt the ſtreets in pompe at their deſires:
Like great triumphant *Tamberlaines*, each day,
Drawne with the pamper'd lades of *Belgia*,
That almoſt all the ſtreets are choak'd out-right,
Where men can hardly paſſe from morn till night.
Whiſt Watermen want worke, and are at eaſe,
To eary one another, if they pleaſe,
Or eſſe ſit ſtill, and poorely ſtarve and die,
For all their livings on foure wheeles doe fly.
Good Reader thinke it not too long, or much
That I thus amply, on this point doe touch,
Now we are borne, we would our worke apply
To labour, and to live untill we dye,
And we could live well, but for Coaches theeving,
That every day doe rob us of our living.
If we, by any meanes, could learne the ſkill
To rob the Coachman as they rob us ſtill:
Then in the Seſſions booke it would appeare,
They would be hang'd five hundred in a yeare.
Beſides it is too manifeſtly knowne,
They have the Sadlers trade almoſt o'rethrowne,
And the beſt Leather in our Kingdome they (pay,
Conſume and waſte; for which poore men doe

Our

A Thiefe.

Our Bootes & Shooes to such high price they reare
That all our profit can buy none to weare.
I in *Bohemia* saw, that all but Lords,
Or men of worth, had Coaches drawne with cords
And I my neck vnto the Rope would pawne,
That if our Hackney Ratlers were so drawne,
With cords, or ropes, or Halters chuse ye whether
It quickly would bring downe the price of leather
Then Watermen should haue more worke I hope,
When every Hireling Coach drawne with a rope
Would make our Gallants stomack at the matter
And now and then to spend their coyne by water
Withont all flattery here my minde I breake,
The Proverb sayes, *give losers leave, to speake*.
They carrie all our Fares, and make us poore,
That to our Boats we scarce can get a^a Whore,
Some honest men and women, now and then,
Will spend their moneys amongst Watermen,
But we are growne so many, and againe
Our Fares so few, that little is our gaine.
Yet for all this (to give the Devill his due)
Our honest trade can no way be vttrue.
If some be rude amongst the multitude
*Tis onely want of worke that makes them rude,
*Tis want of money and of manners to
That makes them do as too too of they doe;

^a The Wherries were wont to haue all the Whores; but the
Coaches robbd them of their custome.

And

A Thiefe.

And every good thing that in them is scant,
It still must be imputed to their want.
But leaving true men, I must turne my stile
To poultry *Thieves*, whose glory is their guile :
For thritē three hundred of them from me tooke
Some of them ready money, some a Booke,
And set their hands to Bills, to pay to me
When I from *Scotland* should returned be, (write,
Crownes, Pounds, or Angels, what they pleas'd to.
I have their fists to shew in blacke and white.
And after that, I to *Bohemia* went,
And gave out money, and much money spent:
And for these things, those *Theeves* in generall,
Will neither give me gaine or principall.
I lately wrote a * Pamphlet to the crew
That spake their due, for keeping of my due :
Wherein I gave them thanks that had me paid,
And pardon'd those that in their graves were laid:
To those that were exceeding poore, or fled,
(Except good words) I very little sed,
I paid for them that onely w^{ould} and could not,
And I inveigh'd at those that could and would not.
And let those shifters their owne Iudges be,
If they have not beene arrant *Thieves* to me.
For first and last they took (with their good wils)
Neere fiftene hundred bookes upon their Bills,

* It is call'd a *Kick sic win sic*, or a *Lerrie cum twang*.

A Thiefe.

And all their hands (if I the truth may utter)
Are worse then obligations seal'd with Butter:
For I have in my store (not worth a Lowse)
As many Bills as well may thatch a house,
And there I have the hands of knights & squires:
And *Obisium gatherum* cheating knaves and lyers,
Seven hundred in a galley mawfrey close,
Which I would sell for fiftene pence the Groce,
They neither pay, with coming, nor with sending
And are like old bootes past all hope of mending.
First they did rob me of my expectation,
And made me walke a long perambulation.
And as my Royall Master * when I came,
The good Prince, and my Lord of *Buckingham*,
With many more of Honour, Worship, and
Men of inferiour callings in this Land
Were bountifull to me at my returne,
Yet I, like one, that doth one candle burne
In seeking of another, spent their gifts
To find out Sharks, and Complements and shifts.
There is the best manner I can give their crime,
They rob me of my books, my coyne, and time,
Of others bounty, and mine owne good hopes,
And for this Theft I leave them to the Ropes.
I speak to those that can and will not pay,
When in the streets I meet them every day,

* To whom I in all humility must ever acknowledge my obedience and durifull thankesfulnesse and service.

They

A Theife.

* They doe not much mistake if they do thinke
I wish them hang'd, for keeping of my chinke.
Thus have I touch'd a crew of *Thieving* fellowes,
That rob beyond the compasse of the Galicwes:
Whilst many little *Thieves* are hang'd up dead,
That onely steale for need to find them bread.
As *Pharaoh's* fat Kine did the leane devour,
So great *thievs* swallow smal ones by their power.
And sure I thinke that common Burglaries,
Pick-pockets, High-way *Thieves*, and Pilferies,
And all that thus feloniously doe *Thieve*,
Are *Thieves* whose labours * many doe relieve,
Who but poore *Thieves* doe Iaylors wants supply
On whom doe under-Keepers still rely?
From *Thieving* money still is goten thus,
For many a Warrant and a Mittimus.
And if men were not apt to filch and *Thieve*,
Twere worse for many a high, and under Shrieve.
The Halter-maker, and the Smith are getters,
For farall twists, and pond'rons bolts and setters.
The Carman hath a shere amongst the rest,
Although not voluntary, yet hee's Prest,
The Ballad-maker doth some profit reape,
And makes a *Tiburne* Dirge exceeding cheape,
The whilst the Printers, and the dolefull singers,
Doe in theire gainfull busines dip their fingers.

* I have 700 *Bills* of their hands which in all comes to neere
300 pound.

* The trade of *Thieving* is very profitable to
many men.

A Thiefe.

The very Hangman hath the sleight and skill
To extract all his goods from others ill,
He is the Epilogue unto the Law,
And from the jawes of death his life doth draw.
And last, the Hangmans Broaker reapes the fruit,
By selling to one *Thiefe* anothers sute,
Besides *Thieves* are fit members, for 'tis knowne,
They make men carefull how to keepe their owne,
For were it not for them, we still should lye
Rock'd in the cradle of security,
Lust'd in base idlenesse, and sluggish sloath,
Apt to all ill, and to all goodnesse loath;
Which would infect us, and corrupt the blood,
And therefore for our health's sake, *thieves* are good,
And some men are so prone to steale, I thinke
It is as nat'rall as their meat and drinke,
They are borne to't, and cannot doe withall,
And must be filching still, what e're befall.
A wispe of Rushes, or a clod of land,
Or any wad of Hay that's next to hand
They'l steale, and for it have a good excuse,
They doe't to keepe their hands in ure, or use.
But not t'excuse a *Thiefe* in any case,
I say there are some crimes, as voyd of Grace,
On whom men scarce have feeling, or a thought,
Nor ere like *Thieves* are to the Gallows brought.
Those that obey false Gods commit offence,
Against th'Eternall Gods Omnipotence.

Those

A Thiefe.

Those that doe graven Images adore, (fore;
Are worse than *Thieves*, yet are not hang'd there-
'Tis treason high to take Gods name in vaine,
Yet most men doe't, through frailty, or for gaine.
The Sabbath is prophan'd continually,
Whilst the offenders pay small * penalty.
And parents are dishonour'd, without awe,
The whilst the children doe escape the Law.
And murther, though't be ne're so foule & deadly,
Is oftentimes made Man-slaughter or chance-medly.
Adultrey's neighbour-hood; and Fornication
May be conniv'd at, with a tolleration.
A witnesse, that false Testimony beares,
'Tis a great wonder if he lose his eares ;
But sure, the Proverbe is as true as brieft,
A Lyer's ever worser than a *Thiefe*,
And 'tis cald Thrift, when men their minds do set
To covet how their neighbours goods to get.
To be vaine-glorious, and ambitious proud
Are Gentleman-like parts, must be allow'd.
To beare an enuy base and secretly,
'Tis counted Wisedome, and great pollicie.
To be a Drunkard, and the Cat to whip,
Is cald the King of all Good-fellowship.
But for a *Thiefe* the whole world doth consent,
That Hanging is the fittest punishment ;
But if that Law were put in Execution,
I thinke it would be mankind's Dissolution :

* Or none at all.

A Thiefe.

And then we should have Land and Tenements
For nothing, or for very easie Rents,
Whereby we see that man his wealth esteemes,
And better then his God, his soule it deemes :
For let God be abus'd, and let his soule
Run greedily into offences foule,
He scarcely shall be question'd for't, but if
(Amongst his other Sins) he play the *Thiefe*
And steale mens goods, they all will sentence give
He must be hang'd, he is unfit to live.
In the *Low-Countries*, if a wretch doe steale
But bread, or meat, to feed himselfe a meale,
They will unmercifully beat and clout him, (him,
Hale, pull, and teare, and spurne, and kick, and flout
But if a Drunkard be unpledg'd a Kan,
Drawes out his knife, and basely stabs a man,
To run away the Rascall shall have scope,
None holds him, but all cry * *Lope Scellum Lope.*
Thus there's a close connivence for all Vice,
Except for *Theft*, and that's a hanging price.
One mans addicted to blaspheme and sweare,
A second to carowse, and domineere :
A third to Whoring, and a fourth to fight,
And kill and slay, a fift man to backbite,
A sixt and seventh, with this or that crime caught,
And all in generall much worse then nought.
And amongst all these sinners generall,
The *Thiefe* must win the Halter from them all,
Run Thiefe run.

When

A Thiefe.

When if the matter could examin'd be,
They doe deserve it all, as much as he.
Nor yet is *Thieverye* any upstart Sin,
But it of long Antiquitie hath bin :
And by this Trade Great men have not disdain'd
To win renowne, and have their states maintain'd.
Great *Alexanders* Conquests, what were they
But taking others goods and lands away :
(In manners) I must call it Martiall dealing,
But truth will terme it robb'ry, and flat stealing,
For unto all the world it is well knowne,
That he by force, tooke what was not his owne.
Some Writers are with *Tamberlaine* so brieft,
To stile him with the name of *Scythian Thiefe*.
* *Licurgus* lov'd, and granted gifts beside
To *Thieves* that could steale, and escape unspide :
But if they taken with the maner were,
They must restore, and buy the bargain deare.
Thieves were at all times ever to be had,
Exempl'd by the good *Thiefe* and the bad.
And *England* still hath been a fruitful Land
Of valiant *Thieves* that durst bid true men stand.
One * *Bellin Dun*, a famous *Thiefe* surviv'd,
From whom the towne of *Dunstable's* deriv'd :
And * *Robin Hood* with little *Iohn* agreed
To rob the rich men, and the poore to feed.

* *Plutarch*. * *Henry 1*. * *Richard 2*.

A Thiefe.

The^a Priests had here such small means for their li-
That many of the were inforc'd to *thieving*. (ving,
Once the first *Henry* could rob exc'lent well,
When he was Prince of *Wales*, as Stories tell.
Then Fryer *Tucke* a tall stout *Thiefe* indeed,
Could better rob and steale, than preach or reade:
Sir * *Gosselin Deinnill*, with two hundred more,
In Fryers weeds, rob'd, and were hang'd therfore.
Thus I in Stories, and by prooffe doe find
That stealing's very old, time out of mind,
E're I was borne, it through the world was spread,
And will be when I from the world am dead.

But leaving thus, my Muse in hand hath tooke,
To shew which way a *Thiefe* is like a *Booke*,

* *Edward 3.* * *Edward 2.*

A Comparison betweene a Thiefe and a Booke.

Comparisons are odious, as some say,
But my Comparisons are so no way,
I in the Pamphlet which I wrote before,
Compar'd a *Booke* most fitly to a *Whore*:
And now, as fitly my poore Muse alludes
A *Thiefe* t'a *Booke* in apt similitudes.

A good

A Thiefe.

A good *Booke* steales the mind from vaine preten-
From wicked cogitations, and offences: (ces,
It makes us know the worlds deceiving pleasures,
And sets our hearts on never-ending treasures.

So when *Thieves* steale, our Cattle, coyne, or ware,
It makes us see how mutable they are.

Puts us in mind that we should put our trust,
Where Fellon cannot steale, or Canker rust. (enter,
Bad Bookes through eyes and eares doe break and
And take possession of the hearts fraile Center.

Infesting all the little Kingdome, *Man*,
With all the poy's'nous mischief that they can,
Till they have rob'd and ranfack'd him of all
Those things which men may justly goodnes call.
Robs him of Vⁱrtue, and of heav'nly grace,
And leaves him, begger'd in a wretched case.

So of our earthly goods, *Thieves* steale the best
And richest Jewels, and leave us the rest. (looks
Men know not *Thieves* from true men by their
Nor by their outsid'es, no man can know Books.

Both are to be suspected, all can teill,
And Wise men e're they trust will try them well,
A *Booke* may have a Title good and faire,
Though in it one may find small goodnesse there:
And so a *Thiefe*, whose actions are most vile,
Steales good opinion, and a true mans stile.

Some *Bookes* (prophane) the sacred Text abuse,
With common *Thieves*, it is a common use.

Some

A Thiefe.

Some *Bookes* are full of lyes, and *Thieves* are so,
One hardly can believe their yea or no.
Some books are scurrilous, and too obseane,
And he's no right *Thiefe* that loves not a *Queane*.
Some *Book's* not worth the reading for their fruits,
Some *Thievs* not worth the hanging for their futes.
Some *Bookes* are brieft, and in few words declare
Compendious matter, and acutenesse rare,
And so some *Thieves* will breake into a House,
Or cut a Purse whilst one can cracke a Louse:
Some *Bookes* are arrogant and impudent,
So are most *Thieves* in Christendome and *Kent*.
Some *Books* are plaine & simple, and some *Thievs*
Are simply hang'd, whilst others get Reprieves.
Some *Books* like foolish *Thievs*, their faults are spide
Some *Thievs* like witty *Books*, their faults can hide:
Some *Books* are quaint and quick in their conceits,
Some *Thieves* are active, nimble in their sleights.
Some *Books* with idle stuffe the Author fills
Some *Thieves* will still be idle by their wils.
Some *Bookes* have neither reason, Law, or sense,
No more have any *Thieves* for their offence.
A *Book's* but one, when first it comes to th'presse,
It may increase to numbers numberlesse,
And so one *Thiefe* perhaps may make threescore
And that threescore may make ten thousand more,
Thus from one *Thiefe* *Thieves* may at last amount
Like *Books*, from one *Book* past all mens account
And

A Thiefe.

And as with industry, and Art, and skill,
One *Thiefe* doth daily rob another still,
So one Booke from another (in this Age)
Steales many a Line, a Sentence, or a Page.
Thus amongst Bookes, good-fellowship I find,
All things are cōmon, *Thieves* beare no such mind.
And for this *Thieving*, Bookes with Hue and Cry
Are sought, (as *Thieves* are) for their Fellony.
As *Thieves* are chas'd, and sent from place to place,
So Books are alwayes in continuall chase. (bound,
As Bookes are strongly Boss'd, and Clasp'd and
So *Thieves* are Manacled, when they are found :
As *Thieves* are oft examin'd for their crimes,
So Books are us'd, and have beene at all times.
As *Thieves* have oft at their Arraignment stood,
So Bookes are tride if they be bad or good.
As Iuries and Grand Iuries, with much strife
Give up (for *Thieves*) a Verdict, Death or Life:
So as mens fancies evidence doe give,
The shame or fame of Bookes, to dye, or live :
And as the veriest *Thiefe* may have some friend,
So the worst Books some knave will still defend.
As *Thieves* their condemnation must abide, (ly'd.
Books are deem'd true sometimes, sometimes be-
As *Thieves* are judged, so have Bookes agen,
As many Censures (almost as are men.
And as their faults are different in degree, (we see,
Some *Thieves* are hang'd, some bookes are burnt
Some

A Thiefe.

Some *Thieves* are for their small offences whipt,
All *Bookes* are Prest, except a *Manuscript*.
As *Thieves* are buried when the Law is paid,
So some *Bookes* in oblivions grave are laid.
The Taylors keepe the *Thieves*, and much regards
The strength of fetters, locks, bolts, grates & wards,
And will know when, and how abroad they goe,
And unto *Bookes* the Stationers * are so.
Still *Bookes* and *Thieves* in one conceit doe joyne:
For, if you marke them they are all for coyne.
Some *Thieves* exceeding brave a man may find
In Sattin, and their Cloakes with Velvet lin'd :
And some *Bookes* have gay coats unto their backs,
When as their insides, goods and goodnes lacks.
Some *Booke* are all betatter'd, torne, and rent,
Some *Thieves* indure a ragged punishment.
Some *Thievs* may come (their sorrows to increase)
Before a shallow officer of peace,
One that can cough, call knave, & with Non-sense,
Commit, before he know for what offence :
And so some *Books* to coxcombs hands may come,
Who can cry pish, and mew, and tush, and hum,
Condemne ere they have read, or thoroughly scand,
Abusing what they cannot understand.
A *Book* sometime doth prove a *Thievs* true friend,
And doth preserve him from a hanging end :

* There is ods betwixt a Stationer and a Taylor; the Stationer
keepees *Bookes* against his will, the Taylor holds *Thieves* with his
will.

For

A Thiefe.

For let a man at any Sessions looke,
And still some *Thieves* are saved by their *Booke*.
Some *Thieves* are like a *Horne-booke*, and begin
Their A. B. C. of filching, with a Pin:
Their Primer is a Point, and then their Psalter,
May pick a Pocket, and come neere a Halter.
Then with long practice in these rudiments,
To breake a House may be his Accidence;
And using of his skill (thus day by day)
By Grammet he may rob upon the way,
Vntill at last to weare (it be his hap)
A Tiburne Tippet, or old *Stories* Cap.
That is the higst degree which they can take,
Attend to all their Studies there they make:
For amongst *Thieves*, not one amongst a score,
If they be rais'd so high, they'l steale no more.
Thus the comparisons hold still you see,
To *Whores* and *Thieves*, *Books* may compared be.
All are like Actors in this wavering Age,
They enter all, upon the worlds great Stage:
Some gaine applause, and some doe act amisse,
And Exit from the Scaffold with a Hiss.
Now if my *Where* or *Thiefe* play well their parts,
Give them their due, applaud their good deserts,
If ill, to *Newgate* hiss them, or *Bridewell*,
To any place, *Hull*, *Hallifax* or *Hell*.
And thus the *Thiefe* and *Booke* joyne both in one
Both having made an END, they both have
DONE. This

A Thiefe.

Thus having treated sufficiently of *Whores* and *Whoring*, and of *Thienes* and *Thieving*, I doe purpose shortly to set forth a Pamphlet, in the Commendation of *Taylors* and *Tayles*, with the necessitie of Hanging, and the Hangmans Art or Mystic, compeniously described.

FINIS.



This Author hath newly caused all his Workes (being above 60.) to be printed into one Volume, the names of all which Works are set downe in this following Catalogue.

T *Aylors Vrania.*
The life and death of the Virgin Mary.
The whip of Pride.
Against cursing and swearing.
The fearfull Summer.
Christian Admonitions.
The Travell of Twelve pence.
The Armado.
The Begger.
Taylors Goose.
lacke a Lent.

A Catalogue.

and Taylors peremileffe Pilgrimage.
pur- The Sculler.
om- The Dolphins danger.
ess- The Cormorant.
ste- A Sea-fight by Captaine Wedall.
The praise of Hempseed.
Taylors Pastorall.
Prince Charles his welcome from Spaine.
An English mans love to Bohemia.
Three weekes and three dayes travels.
Taylors farewell to Bohemia.
Sir Gregory Nonsense.
A very merry Whirry voyage.
The great O Toole.
A voyage to the West.
The Scourge of Basenesse.
Taylors Motto.
Odcombs Complaint.
Coriats Resurrection.
Laugh and be Fat.
Coriats Newes.
A Bawd.
A Whore.
A Thiefe.
A Hangman.
The Unnaturall Father.
Taylors Revenge.
Fenners Defence.

A cap

A Catalogue.

A cast over the Water.
The praise of cleane Linnen.
The VWater-mans suit.
VVit and Mirth.
A Dog of VVarre.
The world runs on wheelles.
The nipping or snipping of abuses.
A Chronicle from Brute.
A Briefe from the Conquest.
A Farewell to the Towre bottles.
The marriage of the Princeesse Elizabeth.
An Elegie for King Iames.
An Elegie for the Earle of Nottingham.
An Elegie for the Earle of Holderneffe.
An Elegie for the Bishop of Winchester.
An Elegie for the Duke of Richmond.
An Elegie for Iohn Moray Esquire.
The summe of the Bible in verse.
The summe of the Booke of Martyrs in verse.
The Churches deliverances.
Archies making peace with France.
The Acts and exploits of VWood the great Ent
Kent.

FINIS

An Arrant Thiefe,

Whom everie Man may trust:

In word & deed, exceeding true and just:

With a Comparison betweene a Thiefe and a Booke.

Written by Iohn TAYLOR.




Printed at London for Henry Gifford. 1671.

An Atlantic Thief

Whom every man may find
In old & good, exceeding fine and
With a Compendious & concise & a Book

By J. T. TAYLOR




This Water Rat, (or *Art*) would commend,
 But that I know not to begin from *M* or *H*
 He read his *V*oyage to me, & which water it is,
 Did move my Muse to write *(Laketh Authoris)*.
 If for his land Discoveries, *(The subtilst paiterhill)*,
 Whither would then his liquid knowledge raise
 Read his two Treatises of *The Scots Infirmary* (think)
 You'll think it time for him to leave his Oare.
 Yet thus much of his worth I cannot smother,
 Tis well for us when *Thienues* peach one another.
 This Preface is but poore, 'tis by a Boy done,
 That is a Scholler of the Schoole of Croydon,
 Who when he hath more yeares and learning got,
 Hee'll praise him more, or lesse, or not a jot.

*The Anagram of Rat is Art. * I touch not his travells to
 Scotland, Germany, or Bohemia, or the Paper Boat.*

By *GEORGE HAYTON*

Given upon Shrove Tuesday,
 from our Seat, in the second
 Forme of the famous Free-
 Schoole of Croydon.

OT

By *RICHARD HAYTON.*



When a Fresh Waterman doth turne
 His Muse must please all the world must know it :
 Of *Whores and Thieves* (hee writes two merry
 Booke) Did move my Mute to write
 He loves them both, I know it by his lookes,
 Alas I wrong him in blaine my Muse not mine,
 She never spake before, and rude may be.

*Given from the low estate of
 the 1st Forme nere to the
 Schoole doore at Croydon
 before said,*

The Magazine of R. H. A. * I send not this treasurie to
 Scotland, Germany or Bohemia, or the Paper Boate.

By GEORGE HATTON.

Given upon Shrove Tuesday
 from our 2nd. in the second
 Forme of the famous Free-
 Schoole of Croydon.

By RICHARD HATTON.

TO

When

A



TO THE HOPEFULL

PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

and my worthy Patrons, Master

RICHARD, and GEORGE

HATTON, Love, Learning,

and true happiness.

YOur Muses, th'one a Touth, and our an Infant,

Gave me two Panegyricke at one Instant,

The first Pen, the first time is pleas'd to murther,

Did make my Art a Rat, and like Grimalkin,

Or a kind needfull Vermin-coursing Cat,

By Art I play, but will not eat your Rat.

I thank you, that you did so soone determine,

To Anagram my Art into a Vermin,

For which I vow, if ere you keep a Dayrie,

Of (now and then) a Cheese I will impair yee.

Kind Master George, your Muse must be exalted,

My Poetrie you very well have salted.

* This Gentleman was pleas'd Anagrammatically to call
 mee Water-Rat, for Water-Art, which I doe Anagram-
 matiz, Water-Rat, to bee A new Art.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Selfe I have *not* *been* *able* *to* *make* *this* *relish* *of* *any*
And *you* *have* *proved* *well* *my* *honest* *kne* *and*
I *have* *you* *to* *my* *will* *I* *be* *grateful*
And *if* *you* *or* *any* *other* *desires* *to* *fill* *my* *painfull*
You *truly* *say* *that* *I* *love* *Whores* *and* *Theeves* *well*
And *half* *your* *speech* *I* *think* *the* *world* *believes* *well*
For *should* *I* *hate* *a* *Theefe*, *Theeves* *are* *a* *common*
I *well* *could* *neither* *love* *my* *selfe* *nor* *no* *man*
But *for* *whores* *love* *my* *purse* *would* *never* *hold* *out*
They *l* *cheat* *and* *pick* *the* *silver* *and* *the* *gold* *out*
You *both* *have* *graced* *my* *Thiefe*, *he* *hath* *confessed*,
You *(like* *two* *Shrieves* *)* *convay'd* *him* *to* *be* *pressed*
In *which* *you* *wrote* *to* *me*, *on* *small* *requesting*,
For *which* *I* *thank* *you* *both* *in* *harmlesse* *jesting*,
And *my* *gaine* *findes* *in* *such* *good* *disseverance* *you*,
That *God* *may* *ever* *love*, *and* *good* *men* *praise* *you*.

Yours, *when* *you* *will*, *where* *you* *will*
in *what* *you* *will*, *as* *you* *will*, *with*
your *will*, *against* *your* *will*, *at* *this* *time*,
at *any* *time*, *at* *all* *times*, *or* *at* *any* *time*,
sometimes, *in* *pastimes*,

JOHN TAYLOR.



To my Reader Hee or Shee,
It makes no matter what they be.



Have you open this first Lease, Imag-
ine you are come within the dore
of my house, where according as
you behave your selves, you are
courteously welcome; or you may
lay downe the Booke, and goe the same way you
came: The flattering of Readers, or begging their
acceptance, is an argument that the ware is scarce
good which the Authour meanes to utter, or that
it is a cheape yeare of Wit, and his lyes upon his
hands, which makes him pitifully, like a Sup-
pliant to begin, Honourably complaineth to
your Humbleness. ('tis but mistaken, the first
should bee last.) Some men have demaunded of
mee, why I doe write upon such sleight Subjects,
as The praise of Hempseed, The Travailes
of Twelve-pence, Taylors Goose, The An-
tiquitie of Begging, A Cormorant, A Com-
mon Whore, and now An Arrant Thiefe?

To the Reader.

I have been a while and a while ago, I have
 employed my pen in a good measure, as I have
 in matters as my self; and I am assured that
 the meaner the subject is, the better the Convention
 will be, for (as Tom Nash said) even Frogs can
 fetch Water out of the Sea, or peck corn out of
 the chaff. But to bring Oyle out of Flax, or make
 a plentiful Harvest without seed, that
 the Workman, but that's not it. And I have
 lately sent you a Whore that was here, and
 now sent you a Thiefe that will not be
 nor pick your pockets of more than you are willing
 to pay for him.

Yours at all good times

JOHN TAYLOR



A THIEF

I Last of the world did find a Thief (poor)
And this was welcome, though that was the
And being so, it did me some good
That power is found in welcome
But when I saw that holy rich man
My Wife, & with their children
I mused, but in the end I did find
I found some fish in the sea, some power in the
Some learned scholars, some that found the truth
Yet all did love an honest Thief, right well
I was onely such as those that on me did
Whilst I could see, and while I could
Now to defend her from the
I send this to you, to be her just defence
Against all the men, and all the women
That have been, that shall be, and that shall be
That have been, that shall be, and that shall be
Be confident in the Lord, and in the Lord
Thy Trade is to be a Thief, and to be a Thief
Throughout the world, and throughout the world

A Thiefe.

For all estates and functions great and small,
Are for the most part *Thieves* in generall.

Excepting Millers, Weavers, Taylors, and
Such true trades as no Realing understand.

Thou art a *Thiefe* (my Booke) and being so
Thou findest thy fellows wheresoever thou goe,
Birds of a Feather still will hold together,

And all the world with thee are of a feather.

The one is, thou art a *Thiefe* by nomination,

And most of men are *Thieves* in their vocation.

Thou neither dost cog, cheat, steale, sweare or lie,
Or gather up goods by false dishonoury.

And thou shalt live when many of the Crew

Shall in a halter bit the world adieu.

And now a thought into my mind doth fall

To prove whence *Thieves* have their originall.

I find that *Jupiter* did want only

On a *Thief* as he was old *Mercury*.

For when the people oft did Sacrifice,

Accounting him the God of Merchandize,

Of Eloquence, and art invention sharpe,

And that he first of all devis'd the Harpe;

The god of Tumblers, Jiglers, Fools and Jesters,

Of Thieves and Fiddlers that the earth bepesters

Paire *Venus* was his Sister, and I find

He was to her so much unkindly mind,

That he on her begate *Hermaphrodite*.

As *Ovid* very wittily doth write :

His

A Thiefe.

His yirings on head and little true Emblems be;
How quick he can invent, how quickly see:
By him are *Thieves* inspir'd, and from his gift
They plot to steale and run away most swift:
In their conceit and sleights no men are sharper,
Each one as nimble fingerd as a Harper.
Thus Thieving is not altogether base,
But is descended from a lofty race.
Moreover, every man himselfe doth show
To be the Son of *Adam*, for we know
He stole the fruit, and ever since, his seed
To steale from one another have agreed.
Our Infancie is Theft, tis manifest
We cry and rob our Parents of their rest:
Our child hood robs us of our Infancie,
And youth doth steale our child-hood wantonly:
Then Man-hood pilfers all our youth away,
And middle-age, our Man-hood doth convey
Unto the Thieving hands of feeble age,
Thus are we all *Thieves*, all our Pilgrimage.
In all which progresse, many times by stealth
Strange sicknesses doe rob us of our health.
Rage steales our Reason, *Envy* thinks it fit
To steale our Love, whilst *Folly* steales our Wit.
Pride filcheth from us our Humility,
And *Letchery* doth steale our Honesty:
Base *Avarice* our Conscience doth purloin, (joine,
Whilst *Slouth* to steale our minds from work doth

Time

A Thiefe.

Time steales upon us, whilst we take small care;
 And make vs old before we be aware:
 Sleep and his brother Death conspire our fall;
 The one steales haile from our lives, the other all.
 Thus are we rob'd by *Morpheus*, and by *Mors*,
 Till in the end each Corps is like a *Coarse*.
 Note but the seasons of the yeare and see
 How they like *Thieues* to one another be (shows
 From *Winter* frozen face, through snow and
 The *Spring* doth steale roots, plants, buds & flowers,
 Then *Summer* robs the *Spring* of natures lute;
 And *Haruest* robs the *Summer* of his fruit,
 Then *Winter* comes againe, and he bereaues
 The *Haruest* of the *Graine*, and *Trees* of *Leaves*.
 And thus these seasons rob each other still,
 Run in their course, like Horses in a mill.
 The Elements, Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire
 To rob each other daily do conspire.
 The fiery Sun from th' Ocean, and each River
 Exhales their Waters, which they all deliver
 This water, into clouds the Ayre doth steale
 Where it doth unto Snow or Haile congeale,
 Vntill at last earth robs the Ayre againe
 Of his stolne Treasure, Haile, sleet, snow or raine.
 Thus be it hot, or cold, or dry, or wet,
 These *Thieues*, from one another steale, and get.
 Night robs vs of the day, and day of night;
 Light pilfers darknesse, and the darknesse light.
 Thus

A Thiefe.

Thus life, death, seasons, and the Elements,
And day and night, for *Thieves* are presidents.
Two *Arrant Thieves* we ever beare about us,
The one within, the other is without us,
All that we get by toyle, or industry
Our *Backs* and *Bellies* steale continually,
For though men labour with much care and strife,
Lie with the *Lamb* down, rise up with the *Lark*,
Swear and forswear, deceive, and lie, and cog,
And have a Conscience worse than any Dog,
Be most ungracious, extreme vile and base,
And (so he gaine) not caring for disgrace,
Let such a Man or Woman count their gaires,
They have but meat, and rayment for their paines,
No more have they that live the honestest,
Those that can say their Consciences are best,
Their *Bellies* and their *Backs*, day night and houre,
The fruits of all their labours doe devour,
These *Thieves* do rob us, with our own good will,
And have some Natures warrant for it still,
Sometimes these *Sharks* do work each others wrack,
The Ravening belly often robs the back,
Wee'l feed like *Dees*, with Quail, Raile, & Phe,
And be attir'd all ratter'd like a *Pesant*,
Sometimes the gawdy *Backs*, Mans *Belly* pines,
For which he often with Duke *Humphrey* dines,
The whilst the mind defends this hungry stealth,
And sayes a temp rate dyet maintaines health.

Let

A Thiefe.

Let *Cortaine* cry, let guts with famine mourne,
The maw sunneene; good out-fides must be worn.
Thus do these *Thieves* rob us, and in this porcher
The mind consents, and then they rob each other:
Our *Knowledge* and our *Learning* (oft by chance)
Doth steale and rob us of our Ignorance.
Yet Ignorance may sometime gaine promotion
(Where it is held the Mother of devotion)
But knowledge joynd with learning are poore
That many times a man to begg ry brings: things
And fortune very oft doth justly fit
Some to have all the wealth, some all the wit.
Tobacco robs some men, if so it list
It steales their Coyne (as *Thieves* do) in a *list*.
Some men to rob the Pot, will nere refraine
Vntill the Pot rob them of all againe.
A prodigall can steale exceeding Briefe
Picks his owne purse, and is his owne deere *Thiefe*.
And thus within us, and without us we
Are *Thieves*, and by *Thieves* alwayes pillag'd be.
First then unto the greatest *Thieves* of all,
Whose *Thievery* is most high and Capitall:
You that for pompe, and Ills transitory
Rob your Almighty maker of his Glory,
And giv the Honor due to him alone
Vnto a Carved blocke, a stocke or stone,
An Image, a similitude, or feature,
Of *Angel*, *Saint*, or *Man*, or any creature,

A Thiefe

To Altars, Lamps, or Holy Bread, or Waters,
 To Shrines or Tapers, or such juggling matters,
 To Reliques of the dead, or of the living,
 This is the most supremest kind of Theft,
 Besides they all commit this Felony
 That breake the Sabbath day maliciouslie,
 God gives us six dayes, and himselfe hath one,
 Wherein he would (with thanks) be call'd upon,
 And those that steale that day (to bad abuses,
 Robs God of Honor without all excuse
 Vnto these Thieves, my Thiefe, doe plainly tell
 That though they hang not here, they shall in hell
 Except a repentance (and an worthy Goodson
 Through our Redeemers merits) gain their pardon.
 Then there's a crew of Thieves that prey and lurch,
 And steale and share the livings of the Church,
 These are Hellish factors, merchants of all evill,
 Rob God of soules, and give them to the Devill
 For where the Tythe of many a Parson may
 Allow, a good sufficient preacher pay,
 Yet hellish pride, or lust, or varities,
 Or one or other foule licentious Vice,
 Robs learning, robs the people of their teaching,
 (Who in seven years perhaps doth heare no preaching
 When as the Parsonage by account is found) chiding
 * Yearly worth two, 3, or 4 hundred pound.

* In the 93. page of a Booke called the Spirit of Detraction,
 the Author cites 12 parishes in one Hundred in Wales in this
 predicament.

Yet

THE

Yet another fault is found, or else there is a fault
With a good Reader don't right pounds a year? To
A Preaching Minister in the heavenly Bread of
Whereby our straying souls are brought and fed
And for this heavenly work of his his Father
That may allow him with a recompence
For shall he give us food that's Spiritual, and give
And not have means to feed his corporal
For sure (as all men) his most manfully God
A painfull Churchman earneth his reward
Those that keep back the Tithes, & sell their souls
Abominable they are in the sight of God & men
For they thus rob God's Church (sinners) their
The most apparent they rob God himself
The Church of God deals with his Minister
As David did with his wife
He stole his golden Cloak and his robe
A Good God (nothing need to say)
And to excuse this he said his gold
Was (to be worn in winter time) & good
But in the Summer it was too hot
And so some Parsons use this Trick
That for the Winter cold or Summer heat
They are so cold they scarce have clothes
Amongst the rest there are some Parsons
Who care not through covetous Simony

A Thiefe.

But all such are notorious *Thieves* therefore
They climbe the wall, and not come through the
Thus *Menelaus* did the Priesthood wan
From *Iason* by this simonayck sin
For he did pay three hundred talents more
Than *Iason* would (or could) disburse therefore
And many a mitred Pope and Cardinall
This way have got their State Pontificall (grievous)
These rob, and steale, (for which all good men
And make the house of Prayer, a den of *Thieves*)
But though the Hangman, here they can outface,
Yet they shall all hang in a worse place (gaines)
Then there are *Thieves* who make the Church their
Who can preach well, yet will not take the paines
Dumb dogs, or raving wolves, whose careless care
Doth fat themselves, and keepe their flocks most
Besides Churchwardens, with a griping fill (bare
Like *Thieves* may rob their Vestry if they list.
The poores Neglector (O I pardon craye)
Collector I should say, may play the Knave,
The *Thiefe* I would have said, but chuse you whe-
He may be both, and so he may be neither. (ther)
So leaving Church-*thieves* with their cursed stealth
He now descend unto the Common wealth
And yet me thinks I should not passe the Court
But sure *Thieves* dare not thus far to resort;

h. The thiefe is Christ.

But howe can he be a thiefe? But howe can he be a thiefe?

But howe can he be a thiefe?

A Thiefe.

But of all *Thieves* in any Kings Dominion,
A Flatterer is a Cutpurse of opinion,
That like a Pick-pocket, doth lie and wait,
To steale himselfe into a mans conceit.
This *Thiefe* will often dawbe a great mans Vice,
Or rate his virtue at too low a price,
Or at too high a pitch his worth will raise,
To fill his eares with flattery any wayes.
Surveyors, and Purveyors, now and then,
May steale, and yet be counted honest men,
When men doe for their living labour true,
Hee's a base *Thiefe* that payes him not their due.
They are all *Thieves* that live upon the fruits
Of Monopolies, if ungodly Shites.
The Iudge or Iustice that do Bribes desire,
Like *Thieves*, deserve a halter for their hire.
A Reverend Father, worthy of believing,
Said taking Bribes was Gentleman-like *Thieving*.
A Merchant now and then his goods may bring,
And steale the Custome, and so rob the King.
Thieves they are all, that scrape & gather treasures,
By Wares deceitfull, or false weights or measures.
The Landlord is a *Thiefe* that racks his Rents,
And mounts the price of rotten Tenements,
Almost unto a damnd double rare,
And such a *Thiefe* * that, my selfe had late.

* One that eight yeares since bought many houses, where I
and many poore men dwelt, and presently raised our Rents from
2. 4. to 5. 4. but I changed him quickly for a better.

A paire

A Thiefe.

A paire of Lovers are starke Thieves, for they
Doe kindly steale each others hearts away.
Extortioners, & Thieves may truly call
Who take more Int'rest, then the principall.
Executors, and Over-seers Thieving,
Have often wrong'd the dead, and robb'd the living.
All those within the ranke of Thieves must be,
That trust their wares out from 2 months to three,
And make the Debtors thicke the worth to pay,
Because they trust them, these are Thieves I say.
That doe kill Time, which unto God belongs,
And begger whom they trust most, with these
He is a Thiefe, and basely doth purloine wrongs.
Who borroweth of his neighbors goods or coine,
And can't but will no satisfaction give,
These are the most notorious Thieves that live,
Upon such Thieves (if Law the same allow'd)
A hanging were exceeding well bestow'd.
A Farmer is a Thiefe, that hoards up Graine
In hope of Dearth, by either drought or raine,
He steales Gods treasures, and doth quite forget
That over them hee's but a Steward set.
And for this robbery he deserves to wear
A riding knot an inch below his eare.
Of drinking Thieves exceeding flore there are,
That steale themselves drunke ere they be aware.
These are right rob-pots, rob-wits, and rob-purses,
To gaine diseases, beggary, and Gods curses.

A Thiefe.

Drawers and Tapsters too, are *Thieues* I think,
 That tick their pots, and cheat men of their drink:
 And when guests have their liquor in their brain,
 Steale pots halfe full, to fill them up againe.
 Though this be *Thievery*, yet I must confesse,
 Tis honest *theft* to punish Drunkenness.
 And of small *Thieues*, the Tapster I prefer,
 He is a Drunkards Executioner,
 For whilst his money lasts he much amends him,
 Then with the rod of poverty corrects him.
 A Chamberlaine unto his guests may creepe
 And pick their pockets, when they are drunk asleep:
 But amongst *Thieues* that are of low repute,
 An Hostler is a *Thiefe* most absolute.
 He with a Candles end Horse teeth can greafe,
 They shall eat neither Hay Oares, Beanes or Pease,
 Besides a hole lth Manger, and a bag
 Hang'd underneath may couzen many a Nag,
 And specially, if in a stable darke,
 If one doe not the Hostlers Knayry marke,
 He will deceive a man before his face,
 On the Peck's bottom, some few oates hee'l place,
 Which seemes as if it to the Brim were full,
 And thus the Knave both man and horse will gull,
 If he breake horse bread, he can thus much doe,
 Amongst five loaves his Codpiece swallows two:
 The Hostler sayes the horse hath one good trick,
 Quick at his meat, he needs must travell quick.

If

A Thiefe.

If men, at full Rack for their Hord meat pay,
So hard into the Racke hee'le tread the Hay,
That out the poore beasts cannot get a bit,
And th Hostler field an honest man for it,
For who would think the horses want their right
When as the Rack is still full, day and night
With bottles; if men will have horses fed,
To each a Groats worth ere they goe to bed,
The Thieve's Hostler can rob horse and men,
And steale the bottles from the rack agen,
And puts in Hay that's pist upon, I wor,
Which being dry'd, no horse will eate a jot
And all such Hostlers wherefore they be,
Deserve a horses might cap for their Fee.
One stole a wife, and married her in post,
A hanging had beene better stolne almost:
By her he night and day was long perplex'd,
Cornuted, scolded at, defam'd and vex'd,
That (in comparison of all his paine)
A friendly hanging had beene mighty gaine.
There's an old speech; a Taylor is a Thiefe,
And an old speech he hath for his reliefe,
He not equivocate, He give him's due
He (truly) *steales not, or he steales not true,
Those that report so, mighty wrong do do him,
For how can he steal that, that's brought unto him?

* He cannot steale truly, or truly he cannot steale.

A Thiefe.

And it may be they were false idle speeches,
 That one brought Cotton once to line his breech,
 And that the Taylor layd the Cotton by, (ches,
 And with old painted Cloath the roome supply,
 Which as the owner for his use did weare,
 A naye, or scge, by chance his breech did feare:
 At which he saw the Linings, and was wroth;
 For *Dives* and *Lazarus* on the painted Cloth,
 The Gluttons dogs, and Hels fire hotly burning,
 With Fiends & fleshhooks, whence ther's no retur-
 He rip'd the other breech, & there he spide (ning,
 The pammer'd *Prodigall* on Cook-horse ride:
 There was his fare, his Fiddlers, and his Whores,
 His being poore, and beaten out of Doores,
 His keeping Hogs, his eating Huskes for meat,
 His Lamentation, and his home retreat,
 His welcome to his Father, and the Feast,
 The fat Calfe kill'd, all these things were exprest,
 These Transformations filld the man with feare,
 That he Hell fire within his breech* should beare,
 He mus'd what strange enchantment he had bin in,
 That turn'd his Linings into painted Linnen,
 His feare was great, but at the last to rid it,
 A Wizard told him, 'twas the Taylor did it.

* This fellowes Breeches were not lined with Apochripha,
 I heard of one that had the picture of the Devil in the backe li-
 nings of his Doublet, witnesse at the Swan in Saint Martins.

A Thiefe.

One told me of a * Miller that had power
Sometimes to steale 5 Bushels out of foure :
As once a Wind-mill (out of breath) lackt wind,
A fellow brought foure Bushels there to grinde,
And hearing neither noyse of knap or tiller,
Laid down his corne, and went to seek the Miller:
Some two flight-shot to th' Ale-house he did wag,
And left his Sacke in keeping with his Nag,
The Miller came a by-way up the hill,
And saw the Sacke of Corne stand at the Mill,
Perceiuing none that could his Theft gaine-say,
For toll rooke Bag, and Grist, and all away.
And a crosse way unto the Ale-house hy'd him.
Wheras the mā that sought him quickly spide him.
Kind Miller (quoth the man) I left but now,
A Sacke of Whear, and I intreat that thou
Wilt walke up to the Mill where it doth lye,
And grinde it for me now the wind blowes hye.
So up the hill they went, and quickly found
The bag & corn, stoln from the ground ungrown'd
The poore man with his losse was full of griefe,
He and the Miller went to seeke the Thiefe,
Or else the Corne, at last all tir'd and sad,
(Seeking both what he had not, and he had)

* This Miller kept a Wind-mill not many yeares since at
Purfleet in Essex.

A Thiefe.

The Miller (to appease or ease his paine)
 Sold him one bushell * of his owne againe.
 Thus out of foure the man five bushels lost,
 Accounting truly all his come and cost,
 To mend all of this Thieuing Millers brood,
 One halfe houres hanging would be very good.
 But there's a kind of stealing mysticall,
 Pickpocket wits, filch lines Sophisticall,
 Villanes in Verse, bafe Runagates in Rime,
 False Rob-wits, and contemned flayes of time,
 Pursoyning Thieves that pilfer from Desert
 The due of Study, and reward of Art.
 Pot Poets, that have skill to steale Translations,
 And (into English) filch strange tongues & nations,
 And change the Language of good Wits unknown
 These Thievisb Rascals print them for their owne,
 Mistake me not good Reader any wayes,
 Translators do deserye respect and praise,
 For were it not for them, we could not have
 A Bible that declares our soules to save,
 And many thousand worthy works would lye
 Not understood, or in obscurity,
 If they by learned mens intelligence,
 Were not Translated with great diligence:
 I honour such, and he that doth not so,
 May his soule sinke to everlasting woe.

* Some say he sold him foure Bushels againe, and then stole
 one Bushell for tith.

I speak

A Thiefe.

I speak of such as steale regard and Fame,
Who doe translate, and hide the Authors name,
Or such as are so barren of Invention,
That cannot write a line worth note or mention:
Yet upon those that can will belch their spite,
And with malicious tongues their names backbite,
To this effect I oft have wrote before,
And am enforced now this one time more
To take my Pen againe into my fist
And answer a depraving Emblemist,
I spare to name him, but I tell him plaine,
If e're he dare abuse me so againe,
Ile whip him with a yerking Satyres Lash,
Fang'd like th'investive Muse of famous *Nass*,
That he shall wish he had not beene, or beene
Hang'd, e're he mov'd my iust incensed spleene.
He hath reported most maliciously
In sundry places amongst company,
That I doe neither write, nor yet invent
The things that (in my name) doe passe in print.
But that some Scholler spends his time and braine
And let me have the Glory and the Gaine.
Is any Poet in that low degree,
To make his Muse worke journey worke to me?
Or are my lines with Eloquence imbellish'd,
As any Learning in them may be relish'd?
Those that thinke so, the y either judge in haste,
Or else their judgements pallat's out of taste.

My

A Thiefe.

My pen in *Hellicon* I ne're did dip,
And all my Schollership in Schollership,
I am an English-man, and have the scope
To write in mine owne Countries speech (I hope)
For *Homer* was a *Grecian*, and I note
That all his works in the *Greek* tongue he wrote:
Pergill and *Ovid*, neither did contemne
To use that speech, their Mothers taught to them.
Du Bartas, *Petrarcke*, *Tasso*, all their Muses
Did use the Language that their Countrey uses,
And though I know but English, I suppose
I have as many tongues as some of those.
Their Studies were much better, yet I say
I use my Countries speech, and so did they.
Because my name is *Taylor*, some doe doubt,
My best Invention comes by stealing out
From other Writers workes, but I reply,
And give their doubtfull diffidence the lye.
To close this point I must be very brieve,
And call them *Knaves* that call me Poet *Thiefe*.
But yet a Poets theft I must not smother,
For they doe often steale from one another:
They call it borrowing, but I thinke it true,
To tearme it Stealing were a stile more due.
There is a speech that Poets still are poore,
But ne're till now I knew the cause wherefore:
Which is, when their Inventions are at best,
Then they are daily rob'd, 'tis manifest,

For

A Thiefe.

For noble *Thieves*, and poore *Thieves* all conjoyne,
From painfull Winters Studie to purloine,
And steale their flashes, and their sparks of wit,
Still putting them at all occasions fit,
As if they were their owne, and these men are
For their stolne Russe esteemed wise and rare,
They call it borrowing, but I tell them plaine,
'Tis stealing, for they never pay againe.
The use of money's ten ith hundred still,
And men in Bonds bound, as the owner will,
But wit and Poetry (more worth than treasure)
Is from the owners borrowed at mens pleasure,
And to the Poets lot it still doth fall,
To lose bth Interest and Principall,
This is the cause that Poets are poore men,
Th'are rob'd, and lend, and ne're are payd agen.
'Tis said that *Jacob* (counsel'd by his Mother)
Did steale his Fathers Blessing from his Brother,
This was a Theft which few will imitate,
There Fathers Blessings are of no such rate, (vingt
For though some sons might have ths for the cr
Yet they esteeme them scantely worth the having,
Their Fathers money they would gladly steale,
But for their Blessings they regard no deale.
And by their waters, you may guesse and gather,
That they were sicke and grieved of the Father.
But on such *Thieves* as those, I plainly say,
A handsome hanging were not cast away.

Some

These.

Some *Villaines* may through an admirable skill,
 An honest Common-wealth both pill and fill;
 These fellows steale secure as they were Millers,
 And are substantiall men, their Countries Pillers:
 Pursoynng pillers, of the Barbarians rather,
 That *brave* a King home, curst wealth to gather:
 These Pillers, or these Caterpillers swarmes
 Grow rich; and purchase goods by others harmes,
 And live like Picnds, extremely fear'd, and hated,
 And are, and shall be ever execrated.
 A King of *Britaine* once * *Cate his* nam'd,
 Vpon Record his Charity is fam'd:
 His justice, and his memory was so ample,
 He hang'd up all oppressors for example.
 If that Law once againe were in request.
 Then, of all trades a Hangman were the best.
 These are the brood of *Barabim*, and these
 Can rob; and be let loose againe at ease,
 Whilst *Christ* (in his poore members) every day,
 Doth suffer (through their Theft) and pine away.
 And sure all men, of whatsoe're degree,
 Of Science, Art, or Trade, or Mysterie,
 Or Occupation, whatsoe're they are,
 For truth cannot with Watermen compare.
 I know there's some objections may be made,
 How they are rude, uncivill in their trade,

* He was the fortieth King after Brute, and he reigned before *Christ's* birth 171 years.

But

A Thiefe.

But that is not the question I propound.
I say no *Theft* can in the trade be found:
Our greatest foes by no means can reveale
Which way we can deceive, or cheat, or steale.
We take men in, and Land them at their pleasure,
And never bate them halfe an inch of measure,
Still at one price our selves we waste and weare,
Though all things else be mounted double deare,
And in a word, I must conclude and say,
A Waterman can be a *Theife* no way,
Except one way, which I had halfe forgot.
He now and then perhaps may rob the Pot,
Steale him selfe drunk, and be his own Purpucker,
And Chymically turnes his Coyne to liquor,
This is almost an *Univerfall Theft*.
A portion Fathers to their Sons have left,
Men are begot, and doe like their begetters,
And Watermen doe learne it of their betters.
Ther's nothing that doth make them poore & bare,
But eadie they are such true men as they are.
For if they would but steale like other men,
The Gallowes would devour them now and then,
Whereby their number quickly would be less,
Which (to their wants) would be a good redress,
Their poverty doth from the truth proceed,
Their way to thrive were to be *Thieves* indeed.

A Thiefe.

If they would steale and hang as others doe
Those that survive it were a helpe unto.
Truth is their trade, & truth doth keep them poore
But if their truth were lesse, their wealth were more
All sorts of men work al the means they can, most
To make a Thiefe of every Water-man:
And as it were in one consent they joyne
To trot by land i th dirt, and save their Coyne
Carroches, Coaches, Jades and Flanders Mares,
Doe rob us of our shares, our wares, our Fares,
Against the ground we stand & knocke our heels
Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels
And whosoever but observes and notes
The great increase of Coaches, and of Boates
Shall find their number more than ere they were
By halfe and more within this thirty yeere
Then Watermen at Sea had service still
And those that stayd at home had worke at will,
Then upstart Helcar-Coaches were to seeke
A man could scarce see twenty in a weeke
But now I thinke a man may daily see
More than the Wherries on the Thames can be
When Queene Elizabeth came to the Crowne
A Coach in England then was scarcely knowne
Then it was as rare to see one, as to spy
A Traddelman that had never told a lye.
But now like plagues of Egypt they doe swarme
As thicke as Frogs, or Lice, unto our harme.

A Theife.

For though the King, the Counſel and ſuch States
As are of high Superiours rankes, and rates,
For port or pleaſure, may their Coaches have,
Yet 'tis not fit that every *Whore* or *Knave*,
And fullſome Madams, and now ſcurvie Squires,
Should jolt the ſtreets in pompe at their deſires,
Like great triumphant *Tambrulines*, each day,
Drawne with the pamper'd lads of *Belgie*,
That almoſt all the ſtreets are choak'd out-right,
Where men can hardly paſſe from morn till night.
Whiſt Watermen want worke, and are at eaſe,
To cary one another, if they pleaſe,
Or elſe ſit ſtill, and poorly ſtarve and die,
For all their livings on foure wheelles doe fly.
Good Reader thinke it not too long, or much,
That I thus amply, on this point, doe touch.
Now we are borne, we would our worke apply
To labour, and ſo live, untill we dye,
And we could live well, but for Coaches theiving
That every day doe rob us of our living.
If we, by any meanes, could learne the ſkill
To rob the Coachman as they rob us ſtill;
Then in the Sessionsbooke it would appeare,
They would be hang'd five hundred in a yeare.
Beſides it is too manifeſtly knowne,
They have the Sadlers trade almoſt o'rebrowne,
And the beſt Leather in our Kingdome they (paye
Conſume and waſte; for which poore men doe

Our

A Thiefe.

Our Bootes & Shooes to such high price they reare
That all our profit can buy none to weare.
In *Bohemia* law, that all but Lords,
Or men of worth, had Coaches drawne with cords
And I my neck vnto the Rope would pawne,
That if our Hackney Raters were so drawne,
With cords, or ropes, or Halters chuse ye whether
It quickly would bring downe the price of leather
Then Watermen should haue more worke I hope
When every Hireling Coach drawne with a rope
Would make our Gallants Romack at the matter
And now and then to spend their coyn by water
Withont all flattery here my minde I breake,
The Proverb sayes, *give losers leaues to speake*.
They carraie all our Pases, and make us poore
That to our Beares we learne can get a Whore,
Some honest men and women, now and then,
Will spend their money amongst Watermen,
But we are growne so many, and againe
Our Eares so few, that little is our game.
Yet for all this (to give the Devil his due)
Our holiest wade can no way be vntre.
If some should stand amongst the multitude
Tis onely want of worke that makes them rude,
Tis want of money and of manners to
That makes them do as too too oft they doe.

The Watermen were wont to have all the best horses, till the
cords were sold them of great value.

And

A Thiefe.

And every good thing that in them is found,
It still must be imputed to their want.
But leaving true men, I must turne my stile
To poultry *Thieves*, whose glory is their guile:
For thrice three hundred of them from me tooke
Some of them ready money, some a Booke,
And set their hands to Bills, to pay to me
When I from *Scotland* should returned be. (write,
Crownes, Pounds, or Angels, what they pleas'd to
I have their fists to shew in blacke and white.
And after that, I to *Bohemia* went,
And gave out money, and much money spent:
And for these things, those *Thieves* in generall,
Will neither give me gaine or principall.
I lately wrote a Pamphlet to the crew
That spake their due, for keeping of my due:
Wherein I gave them thanks that had me paid,
And pardon'd those that in their graves were laid:
To those that were exceeding poore, or fled,
(Except good words) I very little sed,
I paid for them that ouely would and could not,
And, I inuigh'd at those that could and would not.
And let those shifter their owne Iudges be,
If they have not beene arrant *Thieves* to me.
For first and last they took (with their good wils)
Neere fiftene hundred bookes upon their Bills,

** This is a Kickie wispie, or a Lennie cant wane.*

C

And

A Thiefe.

And all their hands (if I the truth may utter)
Are worse then obligations seal'd with Butters:
For I have in my store (not worth a Lowse)
As many Bills as well may thatch a house,
And there I have the hands of knights & squires:
And *Omnium gatherum* cheating knaves and lyers,
Seven hundred in a galley maw they close,
Which I would sell for fiftene pence the Groce,
They'l neither pay, with coming, nor with sending
And are like old boores past all hope of mending.
First they did rob me of my expectation,
And made me walke a long perambulation:
And as my Royall Master * when I came,
The good Prince, and my Lord of *Buckingham*,
With many more of Honour, Worship, and
Men of inferiour callings in this Land
Were bountifull to me at my returne,
Yet I, like one, that doth one candle burne
In seeking of another, spent their gifts
To find out Sharks, and Complements and shifts.
Theft is the best name I can give their crime,
They rob me of my books, my coyne, and time,
Of others bounty, and mine owne good hopes,
And for this Theft I leave them to the Repes.
I speak to those that can and will not pay,
When in the streets I meet them every day,

* To whom I in all humility must ever acknowledge my obedience and durifull thankesfulnesse and service.

They

A Theife.

* They doe not much mistake if they do thinke
I wish them hang'd, for keeping off my chinke.
Thus have I touch'd a crew of *Thieving* fellows,
That rob beyond the compass of the Gallows.
Whilst many little *Thieves* are hang'd up dead,
That onely steale for need to find them bread.
As *Pharaoh's* fat Kine did the leane devour,
So great *Thieves* swallow small ones byt their power.
And sure I thinke that common *Borgharies*,
Pick-pockets, High-way *Thieves*, and Pilferies,
And all that thus fallowously doe *Thieve*,
Are *Thieves* whose labours * many doe relieve.
Who but poore *Thieves* doe Taylors wants supply
On whom doe under-Keepers still rely?
From *Thieving* money still is gotten thus,
For many a Warrant and a Murrinus.
And if men were not apt to filch and *Thieve*,
Twere worse for many a High, and under Shrieve:
The Halter-maker, and the Smith are getters,
For fatall twists, and pond'rous bolts and feters.
The Carman hath a share amongst the rest,
Although not voluntary, yet hee's Prest,
The Ballad-maker doth some profit reape,
And makes a *Thieves* Dige exceeding cheape,
The whilst the Printers, and the dolefull fingers,
Doe in these gainfull busines dip their fingers.

* I have 700 Bills of their hands which in all comes to neere
300 pound. * The trade of *Thieving* is very profitable to
many men.

A Thiefe.

The very Hangman hath the sleight and skill
To extract all his goods from others ill,
He is the Epilogue unto the Law,
And from the jaws of death his life doth draw.
And last, the Hangmans Brooker reapes the fruit,
By selling to one *Thiefe* anothers sute.
Besides *Thieves* are fit members; for 'tis knowne,
They make men carefull how to keepe their own,
For were it not for them, we still should lye
Rock'd in the cradle of security,
Lul'd in base idleneffe, and sluggish sloath,
Apt to all ill, and to all goodnesse loath;
Which would infect us, and corrupt the blood,
And therefore for our health's sake, *thieves* are good,
And some men are so prone to steale, I thinke
It is as nat'rall as their meat and drinke,
They are borne to't, and cannot doe withall,
And must be filching still, what e're befall.
A wisp of Rushes, or a clod of land,
Or any wad of Hay that's next to hand
They'l steale, and for it have a good excuse,
They doe't to keepe their hands in ure, or use.
But not t'excuse a *Thiefe* in any case,
I say there are some crimes, as voyd of Grace,
On whom men scarce have feeling, or a thought,
Nor ere like *Thieves* are to the Gallows brought.
Those that obey false Gods commit offence,
Against th'Eternall Gods Omnipotence.

These

A Thiefe.

Those that doe graven Images adore, w^h are (if fore)
Are worse than *Thieves*, yet are not hang'd there
'Tis treason high to take Gods name in vaine, & W^h
Yet most men doe't, through frailty, or forgaine.
The Sabbath is prophah'd continually,
Whilst the offenders pay small ^{penalty} ^{for} ^{it}
And parents are dishonour'd, without awe,
The whilst the children doe escape the Law. (in A)
And murther, though't be ne're so foule & despit^{le}
Is ofttimes made Man-slaughter of chance-medly
Adultrey's neighbour-hood, and Fornication
May be conniv'd at, with a tolleration
A witnesse, that false Testimony beares,
'Tis a great wonder if he lose his eares;
But sure, the Proverbe is as true as briefe,
A Lye's ever worser than a *Thiefe*;
And 'tis cald Thrift, when men their minds do set
To covet how their neighbours goods to get.
To be vaine-glorious, and ambitious proud
Are Gentleman-like parts, must be allow'd,
To beare an enuy base and secretly,
'Tis counted Wisedome, and great pollicie:
To be a Drunkard, and the Cat to whip,
Is cald the King of all Good-fellowships:
But for a *Thiefe* the whole world doth consent,
That Hanging is the fittest punishment;
But if that Law were put in Execution,
I thinke it would be mankinde's Dissolution:

* Or none at all.

A Thiefe.

And then we should have Land and Tenements
For nothing, or for very easie Rents,
Whereby we see that man his wealth esteemes,
And better then his God, his soule it deemes :
For let God be abus'd, and let his soule
Run greedily into offences foule,
He scassely shall be question'd for't, but if
(Amongst his other Sins) he play the *Thiefe*,
And steale mens goods, they all will sentence give
He must be hang'd, he is unfit to live.
In the *Low Countries*, if a wretch doe steale
But bread, or meat, to feed himselfe a meale,
They will unmercifully beat and clout him, (him,
Hale, pull, and teare, and spurne, and kick, and flout
But if a Drunkard be unpledg'd a Ken,
Drawes out his knife, and bately stabs a man,
To run away the Rascall shall have scope,
None holds him, but all cry * *Lope Scellum Lope*.
Thus there's a close connivence for all Vice,
Except for *Theft*, and that's a hanging price.
One mans addicted to blasphemie and swears,
A second to carowse, and domineere :
A third to Whoring, and a fourth to fight,
And kill and slay, a fift man to backbite,
A sixt and seventh, with this or that crime caught,
And all in generall much worse then nought.
And amongst all these sinners generall,
The *Thiefe* must win the Halter from them all,
* *Run Thiefe run.* When

A Thiefe.

When if the matter could examin'd be,
They doe deserve it all, as much as he.
Nor yet is *Thievery* any upstart Sin,
But it of long Antiquitie hath bin:
And by this Trade Great men have not disdain'd
To win renowne, and have their states maintain'd.
Great *Alexandro* Conqueror, what were they
But taking others goods and lands away:
(In manners) I must call it Marciall dealing,
But truth will terme it robb'ry, and flat stealing,
For unto all the world it is well knowne,
That he by force, tooke what was not his owne.
Some Writers are with *Tamberlaine* so briske,
To stile him with the name of *Scythian Thiefe*.
* *Licurgus* lov'd, and granted gifts beside
To *Thieves* that could steale, and escape unspide:
But if they taken with the maner were,
They must restore, and buy the bargaine deare.
Thieves were at all times ever to be had,
Exempl'd by the good *Thiefe* and the bad.
And *England* still hath been a fruitful Land
Of valiant *Thieves*, that durst bid true men stand.
One * *Bellin Dun*, a famous *Thiefe* surviv'd,
From whom the towne of *Dunstable's* deriv'd:
And * *Robin Hood* with little *John* agreed
To rob the rich men, and the poore to feed.

* *Plutarch.* * *Henry 1.* * *Richard 1.*

A Thiefe.

The*Priests had here such small means for their li-
That many of the were inforced to *thieving*. (villg,
Once the fift *Henry* could rob excellent well; for
When he was Prince of *Wales*; as Stories tell.
Then Fryer *Tuske* a tall stout Thiefe indeed; bnd
Could better rob and steale; than preach or reade:
Sir * *Gosselin Dainwill*, with two hundred more;
In Fryers weeds, rob'd and were hang'd therfofe.
Thus I in Stories; and by prooffe doe find
That stealing's very old, time out of mind;
Ere I was borne, it through the world was spread,
And will be, when I from the world am dead.

But leaving thus, my Muse in hand hath took;

To shew which way a Thiefe is like a Booke.

* Edward 3. * Edward 2. bnd, d' vol wgwmd *

A Comparison betweene a Thiefe and a Booke.

Comparisons are odious, as some say,
But my Comparisons are so no way,
I in the Pamphlet which I wrote before,
Compar'd a Booke most fitly to a Whore:
And now, as fitly my poore Muse alludes
A Thiefe t'a Booke in apt similitudes.

A good

A Thiefe.

A good *Booke* steales the mind from vaine pretence,
From wicked cogitations, and offences:
It makes us know the worlds deceiving pleasures,
And sets our hearts on never-ending treasures.
So when *Thieves* steale, our Cattle, coyne, or ware,
It makes us see how mutable they are,
Puts us in mind that we should put our trust,
Where Fellon cannot steale, or Canker rust. Center,
Bad Bookes through eyes and eares doe break and
And take possession of the hearts fraile Center.
Infecting all the little Kingdome, *Man*,
With all the poysonous mischief that they can,
Till they have rob'd and ranack'd him of all
Those things which men may justly goodnes call.
Robs him of Virtue, and of heav'nly grace,
And leaves him, begger'd in a wretched case.
So of our earthly goods, *Thieves* steale the best
And richest Jewels, and leave us the rest. (lookes
Men know not *Thieves* from true men by their
Nor by their outsidcs, no man can know Books.
Both are to be suspected, all cancell,
And Wise men e're they trust will try them well,
A *Booke* may have a Title good and faire,
Though in it one may find small goodnesse there:
And so a *Thiefe*, whose actions are most vile,
Steales good opinion, and a true mans stile.
Some *Bookes* (prophane) the sacred Text abuse,
With common *Thieves*, it is a common use.

Some

A Thiefe.

Some *Bookes* are full of lyes, and *Thieves* are so,
One hardly can believe their yea or no.
Some books are scurrilous, and too obscene,
And he's no right *Thiefe* that loves not a Queane
Some *Book's* not worth the reading for their fruits
Some *Thievs* not worth the hanging for their futes
Some *Bookes* are briefe, and in few words declare
Compendious matter, and acutenesse rare,
And so some *Thievs* will breake into a House,
Or cut a Purse whilst one can cracke a Loufe:
Some *Bookes* are arrogant and impudent,
So are most *Thievs* in Christendome and Kent.
Some *Bookes* are plaine & simple, and some *Thievs*
Are simply hang'd, whilst others get Reprieves:
Some *Bookes* like foolish *Thievs*, their faults are spide
Some *Thievs* like witty *Bookes*, their faults can hide:
Some *Bookes* are quaint and quick in their conceits?
Some *Thievs* are active, nimble in their sleights.
Some *Bookes* with idle stuffe the Author fills
Some *Thievs* will still be idle by their wils.
Some *Bookes* have neither reason, Law, or sense,
No more have any *Thievs* for their offence.
A *Book's* but one, when first it comes to th'presse,
It may increase to numbers numberlesse,
And so one *Thiefe* perhaps may make threescore
And that threescore may make ten thousand more,
Thus from one *Thiefe* *Thievs* may at last amount
Like *Bookes*, from one *Book* past all mens account.

And

A Thiefe.

And as with industry, and Art, and skill,
One *Thiefe* doth daily rob another still,
So one Booke from another (in this Age)
Steales many a Lines, a Sentence, or a Page.
Thus amongst Bookes, good-fellowship I find,
All things are comon, *Thieves* beare no such mind.
And for this *Thieving*, Bookes with Hue and Cry
Are sought, (as *Thieves* are) for their Fellony.
As *Thieves* are chased, and sent from place to place,
So Books are alwayes in continuall chase. (bound,
As Bookes are strongly Boss'd, and Clasp'd and
So *Thieves* are Manacled, when they are found:
As *Thieves* are oft examin'd for their crimes,
So Books are us'd, and have beene at all times.
As *Thieves* have oft at their Arraignment stood,
So Bookes are tride if they be bad or good.
As Iuries and Grand Iuries, with much strife
Give up (for *Thieves*) a Verdict, Death or Life.
So as mens fancies evidence doe give,
The shame or fame of Bookes, to dye, or live:
And as the veriest *Thiefe* may have some friend,
So the worst Books some knave will still defend.
As *Thieves* their condemnation must abide, (ly'd,
Books are deen'd true sometimes, sometimes be-
As *Thieves* are judged, so have Bookes agen,
As many Censures (almost as are men.
And as their faults are different in degree, (we see,
Some *Thieves* are hang'd, some bookes are burnt
Some

A Thiefe.

Some *Thieves* are for their small offences whipt,
All Bookes are Prest, except a *Manuscript*.
As *Thieves* are buried when the Law is paid,
So some Bookes in oblivions grave are laid.
The Taylors keepe the *Thieves*, and much regards
The strength of fetters, locks, bolts, grates & wards,
And will know when, and how abroad they goe,
And unto Bookes the Stationers* are so.
Still Bookes and *Thieves* in one conceit doe joyne:
For, if you marke them they are all for coyne.
Some *Thieves* exceeding brave a man may find
In Sattin, and their Cloakes with Velvet lin'd:
And some *Bookes* have gay coats unto their backs,
When as their insides, goods and goodnes lacks.
Some *Bookes* are all betatter'd, torne, and rent,
Some *Thieves* indure a ragged punishment.
Some *Thieves* may come (their sorrows to increase)
Before a shallow officer of peace,
One that can cough, call knave, & with Non-sense,
Commit, before he know for what offence:
And so some *Books* to coxcombs hands may come,
Who can cry pish, and mew, and tush, and hum,
Condemne ere they have read, or thoroughly scand,
Abusing what they cannot understand.
A *Book* sometime doth prove a *Thieves* true friend,
And doth preserve him from a hanging end:

* There is ods betwixt a Stationer and a Taylor; the Stationer
keepe Bookes against his will, the Taylor holds *Thieves* with his
will.

For

A Thiefe.

For let a man at any Sessions looke,
And still some *Thieves* are saved by their *Booke*.
Some *Thieves* are like a *Horne-booke*, and begin
Their A. B. C. of filching, with a Pin :
Their Primer is a Point, and then their *Psalter*,
May picke a Pocket, and come neere a Halter.
Then with long practice in these rudiments,
To breake a House may be his Accidence ;
And using of his skill (thus day by day)
By Grammer he may rob upon the way,
Vntill at last to weare (it be his hap)
A Tiburne Tippet, or old *Stories* Cap,
That is the higst degree which they can take,
An end to all their Studies there they make :
For amongst *Thieves*, not one amongst a score,
If they be rais'd so high, they'l steale no more.
Thus the comparisons hold still you see,
To *Whores* and *Thieves*, *Books* may compared be.
All are like Actors in this wavering Age,
They enter all, upon the worlds great Stage :
Some gaine applause, and some doe act amisse,
And *Exit* from the Scaffold with a Hisse.
Now if my *Whore* or *Thiefe* play well their parts,
Give them their due, applaud their good deserts,
If ill, to *Newgate* hisse them, or *Bridewell*,
To any place, *Hull*, *Hallifax* or Hell.
And thus the *Thiefe* and *Booke* joync both in one ;
Both having made an END, they both have

DONE.

Thus

A Thiefe.

Thus having treated sufficiently of *Whores* and *Whoring*, and of *Thienes* and *Thieving*, I doe purpose shortly to set forth a Pamphlet, in the Commendation of *Taylor* and *Tayles*, with the necessity of Hanging, and the Hangmans Art or Myserie, compendiously described.

FINIS.



This Author hath newly caused all his Workes (being above 60.) to be printed into one Volume, the names of all which Works are set downe in this following Catalogue.

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An Elegie for the Earle of Holdernes.
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The ſumme of the Booke of Martyrs in verſe.
The Churches deliverances.
Archies making peace with France.
The Actes and exploits of VVood the great Enterprizer
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FINI